The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 142. Vol. XXIV. JULY, 1903. Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The illustrations presented to our readers with the special Dr. Johnson number of The Bookman have been kindly supplied by Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, U.S.A., who is in possession of a unique collection of Johnsoniana, and it is by his courtesy that we are in a position to reproduce these interesting pictures.

The portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, appearing on the cover of our June issue, was reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has for some time been engaged on a long story, which he hopes to finish by the autumn. It will be published serially, both here and in America, before it appears in book form.

Mr. Barry Pain's new book, "Eliza's Husband," will be published late in July or early in August. As the title suggests, it deals with the married couple whose experiences proved so popular in "Eliza."

Mr. Jacobs will publish this autumn a new volume of short stories, entitled "Odd Craft." The book will consist of the series of humorous tales that he has been contributing to the *Strand Magazine.*

DR. JOHNSON.
From an Engraving by F. Bartolozzi.

According to present arrangements, Mr. George Gissing's new novel will be published in the late autumn. It is entitled "Will Warburton," and is a domestic story in the lighter vein of the author's work. Mr. Gissing has been compelled for reasons of health to decline an invitation from the Royal Institution to deliver two lectures on Dickens.

Mr. Storer Clouston will publish a new book this autumn with Messrs. Blackwood. It is entitled "The Lady of the Inn," and although humorous, it is less frankly farcical than his last book, "The Adventures of M. d'Haricot." We see it stated in America that Storer Clouston is a pen-name adopted by Mr. Gissing to father the products of his more flippant moods. We believe that Mr. Clouston is the son of the eminent Scottish physician, who is himself a writer on scientific subjects.

We are shortly to have a volume of fairy tales by Mr. Laurence Housman. The book will be illustrated from drawings by the author engraved on wood by Miss Clemence Housman.

The Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society contains an unri-

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DR. JOHNSON AT LICHFIELD.
From a Lithograph.

Samuel Johnson was born on the 18th of September, 1709, in a house in Market Square, Lichfield, where his father, Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, carried on the trade of bookseller and stationer. The room immediately over the shop, facing Market Street and St. Mary's Square, was the one in which the famous author first saw the light. The house was opened as a small public museum in June, 1901, when the inaugural address was given by Dr. Birkbeck Hill.

valled collection of printed editions of the Scriptures in over four hundred languages and dialects. The Historical Catalogue of the Library, on which the Rev. T. H. Darlow and Mr. Horace F. Moule have been engaged for nearly four years, is now passing through the press. In each language the books are arranged according to the sequence of their publication, so that the Catalogue exhibits the evolution of each version in order of time, besides giving a full description and collation of all important copies. Vol. I., comprising the English section, will be published early in the autumn. The Library is peculiarly rich in English Bibles, of which it contains 1,600 separate editions, including the famous Fry collection. Vol. II., comprising foreign versions, will appear next year. The Catalogue is to be issued in a strictly limited edition of 450 copies for England and America, price 31s. 6d. for the two volumes, which will not be sold separately.

Mr. Marriott Watson has finished a new novel for serial publication in the *Graphic*.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing a new story of theatrical life by John D. Barry, entitled "A Daughter of Thespis." The book is very highly spoken of by Mr. W. D. Howells, who has read it.

Mr. Grant Richards has in the press, and will publish shortly, a new novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, called "Avery."

Mr. John Oxenham's new novel, "Barbe of the Grand Bayou," will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Oxenham's novels have recently achieved considerable success in America, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. anticipate a large sale for "Barbe of the Grand Bayou" in the United States.

The first play of Edmond Rostand, whose recent reception at the French Academy is still the talk of literary France, was not, as is generally stated, "Les Romanesques," but a Vaudeville entitled "Le Gant Rouge," which he wrote in conjunction with his brother-in-law, M. Henri Lee, and which was produced at the Théâtre Cluny when he was nineteen years of age. Francisque Sarcey's criticism of the play is at least trenchant: "These two gentlemen are very young, and we have been carefully informed that it is their first work. They would certainly be very much to blame if it were their second. . . . What distinguishes it in a most striking manner, this piece by MM. Lee and Rostand, is that you cannot discover in it one single bright saying—in a play of four acts that is really rare and remarkable."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue shortly a work which has created the widest interest in America. It is the Autobiography of Helen Keller, certainly one of the most remarkable women of this generation. At the age of nineteen months Helen Keller was left deaf, dumb, and blind; she was just beginning to walk and talk when acute congestion of the brain deprived her of sight and hearing. Her infantile knowledge of words soon faded from her memory, and until the age of seven she was little better than an automaton. Then happy fortune brought to her a teacher of brilliant and patient genius, Miss A. M. Sullivan, under whose guidance she has learned to speak English, French, and German with perfect fluency, and to read those languages through the sense of touch. She is now in the intermediate stages of the graduate course in Radcliffe College, New York, and expects to take her degree next year.

In a review of the American edition of the work, the *Liverpool Post* says: "The Americans have shown themselves such shameless adepts in the art of literary forgery that one always hesitates to accept without corroboration marvellous stories from across the Atlantic. But if this work is really by Miss Keller, and if what she states is true, it is one of the most wonderful books in the world." We are able to assure the *Liverpool Post* that the work is undoubtedly by Miss Keller, and that endless corroboration of her life story can be supplied by eminent Americans who have known her many years, and have watched her development with the greatest interest.

Among the novels to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Chatto and Windus are: "Verona's Father," by David Christie Murray; "Prince Hagen," by Upton Sinclare; "Butterfly," by Iza Duffus Hardy; "Mistress of Bonaventure," by Harold Bindloss; "Lady Judas," by Frank Barrett; and "Mystery of Lincoln's Inn," by Robert Machray.

We understand that Mr. Francis Gribble has gone to the South of France to complete the MS. of a historical novel that Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in the autumn. The same firm have in the press a new novel by Mr. Alfred Urry, author of "In the City." It is a story of Stock Exchange and City life, and is to be called "Settling Day."

"Jemima," a story of county family life, by Ella McMahon, is another novel which Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish during the autumn.

Among the novels that Mr. Grant Richards has in the press for the autumn are Mr. Burgin's "The Ladies of the Manor," and "Castle Craneycow," by G. B. McCutcheon.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish immediately, under the title of "Strawberry Leaves," a new society novel, the author of which hides his or her identity under the *nom-de-plume* of A. Leaf. Mr. Nash has also in the press a new novel by Carlton Dawe, entitled "The Prime Minister."

Mr. Grant Richards will publish immediately a humorous volume, entitled "The Mad Annual." The letterpress is by E. F. Benson and Eustace H. Miles, and the illustrations by J. R. Monsell.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press a new volume by Mr. W. T. Palmer, whose work on "Lake Country Rambles," published last year, was so successful. The title of the forthcoming volume is "In Lakeland, Dells, and Fells." The same firm will publish shortly another volume in the same series, entitled "Marshes in England."

Mr. Heinemann is producing an illustrated edition of Mr. C. Turley's successful school story, "Godfrey Martin." The work will be handsomely bound, with gilt edges, making it suitable for prize and gift-book for boys at Christmas time. The work of illustrating has been carried out excellently by Mr. Gordon Brown.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's new novel, "Gordon Keith," will be published in the autumn by Mr. William Heinemann.

In view of the centenary of the birth of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, it may be of interest to our readers if we present, in short summary, what his sons have told us about the circulation of his books and his income from them, and from articles in magazines and from editorship. "The Gospel in Ezekiel" was the most popular book. "Up to the date of my father's death," writes his son James from Brechin, "the sale in Great Britain and the United States amounted to over 100,000 copies. Since then, the sale has been continuous and considerable, and very large for the first twelve or fifteen years. I should give the number of sales in all as 80,000 in this country, and 50,000 in America. Besides this, that volume in particular has been translated into several foreign languages—in some cases the whole, in others part of it. The only other volume which has approached in popularity to 'The Gospel in Ezekiel' has been 'The City: Its Sins and Sorrows,' and probably the latter has done more good and exercised more influence than any other of my father's works. I might, however, except from this statement the 'Pleas for Ragged Schools.'"

The income from writings was the more important to Dr. Guthrie that his stipend from the church never exceeded £450 per annum. For magazine articles he got £5 each from the *Christian Treasury*, and, later, £30 each from *Good Words*. As editor of the *Sunday Magazine*—which was started just about the time he was compelled, from reasons of health, to retire wholly from the active work of his charge—he received £1,000 per annum; but for several years before his death this was reduced to £750, owing to his insisting that £250 of that should be given as additional remuneration to Dr. W. G. Blaikie for the larger share of the work which he, as sub-editor, had to do, in consequence of Dr. Guthrie's increasing age and infirmities. About 1860, principally from lady-friends in the congregation,

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT LICHFIELD WHERE SAMUEL JOHNSON WAS TAUGHT.
From a Drawing by John Buckler.

The Grammar School, founded by King Edward VI., was situated in St. John Street, Lichfield.

"Johnson and I were, in early life, schoolfellows at Lichfield, and for many years in the same class. . . . I never knew him corrected at school, unless it was for talking and diverting other boys from their business, by which, perhaps, he might hope to keep his ascendancy. He was uncommonly inquisitive, and his memory so tenacious, that whatever he read or heard he never forgot."—Edmund Hector.

he was presented with the house, 1, Salisbury Road, which cost about £2,000; and in 1865, just after his retirement from active work at Free St. John's, he was presented with £5,000 and a service of plate. The income derived from his books by Dr. Guthrie will thus be seen to have formed a very welcome addition to his income at the time when he was most active, and the cares of a large family and expenses incident must often have pressed heavily upon him. Some of the lesser gifts made to him in his lifetime by those who had benefited by his work were very touching. "One of these," says his son James, in a letter to us, "long before his death, presented him with the large piece of ground in the Grange Cemetery, where he and my mother now rest in their graves till the resurrection."

Mrs. Jean Carlyle Graham's illustrated work on Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, precursor of Perugino and Pintorricchio, will be published early in September by Domenico Terese at Perugia.

Mr. Murray has in the press a very important and interesting work by Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks, and he will publish it under the title, "From Kabul to Kumassi." The work will concern all Sir James's twenty-four years' reminiscences of soldiering and sport. The volume, which will be published in the autumn, will contain over twenty illustrations and maps, in addition to a photogravure portrait of the author.

DR. JOHNSON.

From a full-length Drawing by Sargent-Marceau.

"His stature was remarkably high, and his limbs exceedingly large: his strength was more than common, I believe, and his activity had been greater, I have heard, than such a form gave one reason to expect; his features were strongly marked, and his countenance particularly rugged; though the original complexion had certainly been fair, a circumstance somewhat unusual; his sight was near, and otherwise imperfect; yet his eyes, though of a light-grey colour, were so wild, so piercing, and at times so fierce, that fear was, I believe, the first emotion in the hearts of all his beholders. His mind was so comprehensive, that no language but that he used could have expressed its contents; and so ponderous was his language, that sentiments less lofty and less solid than his were, would have been encumbered, not adorned by it."—H. L. Piozzi.

DR. JOHNSON IN 1770.

From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds,

Executed for Lucy Porter, and depicting Johnson with his arms raised in a characteristic gesture.

"While Miss Burney was examining a likeness of Johnson, he no sooner discerned it than he began see-sawing for a moment or two in silence; and then, with a ludicrous half-laugh, peeping over her houlder, he called out—'Ah, ha! Sam Johnson! I see thee!—and an ugly dog thou art!'"—Memoirs of Dr. Burney.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

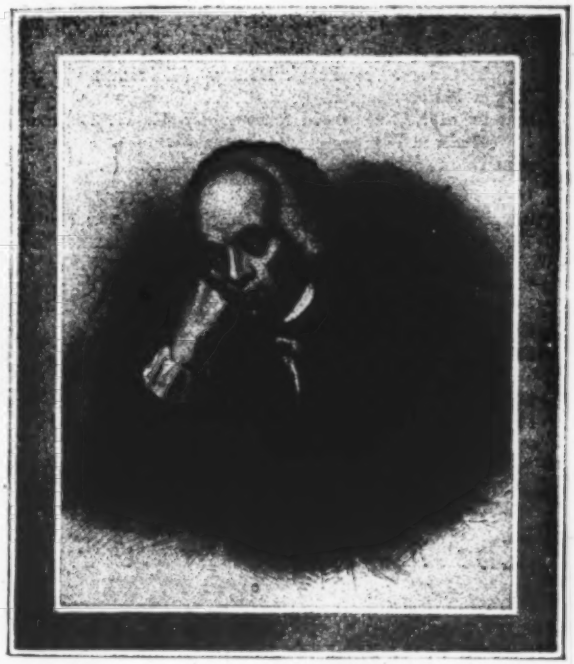
MAY 20TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1903.

The fluctuations of the preceding month have been followed during the weeks just passed by a persistent slackness which has proved very trying, and much complaint has generally been expressed with the limited sales effected. A few redeeming items have, however, somewhat relieved the tedium.

With the issue of "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" the work was soon in request, and it was evident that it would lead to a renewal of the old controversy as to the domestic relations of the celebrated author. Several of the "Reviews" containing articles on the subject circulated with great rapidity, and led to the publication of "My Relations with Carlyle," by the late J. A. Froude, the first edition of which was quickly exhausted.

New volumes of 6s. fiction have not been so numerous, the two most prominent productions being "In the Guardianship of God," and "Pitcher in Paradise." Several of the earlier issues, such as "Four Feathers," "The Little White Bird," "Pigs in Clover," "The Conflict," "Typhoon," and "Lady Rose's Daughter," have been steadily in demand.

Notice must again be made of the continued popularity of the two volumes by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "Lovey Mary," which have both added considerably to their already assured popularity.



MICHAEL JOHNSON,
The father of Samuel Johnson.

"Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind. . . . He was a pretty good Latin scholar, and a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield; and being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greater part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of parchment."—Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Many orders have been placed for the forthcoming supplementary volumes of the "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. Hastings.

Among the successful biographical items of the month may be mentioned "The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove," "Political Leaders," by Justin McCarthy, "A. J. Balfour, the Man and his Work," and "Marie Corelli, the Writer and the Woman." "The Life of Robert Browning," in the English Men of Letters Series, still proves attractive.

"The Popular History of the Free Churches," and McCarthy's "Priests and People in Ireland," have been prominent in the sales of the month.

The request for the various editions of Dante's "Vision," and Tolstoy's "Resurrection," has not perceptibly decreased.

With the death of Max O'Rell came an increased demand for his latest production, "Rambles in Womanland," and a few of his earlier works slightly increased their sales.

Guide books have moved more freely, and several popular Handbooks on Photography have sold well.

The present attractiveness of walking contests has called forth quite a number of books on athletic training, several of which have enjoyed fairly good sales.

The output of sixpenny reprints has been continuously heavy, but the demand has not been very great.

In the magazines the chief items of interest have been several of the Reviews, more especially the *Fortnightly*, containing articles on the Carlyle controversy.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

In the Guardianship of God. By Flora Annie Steel. (Heinemann.)
Pitcher in Paradise. By A. M. Binstead. (Sands.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Star Dreamer. By A. and E. Castle. (Constable.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
The Conflict. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Souls. By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lovey Mary. By Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Rambles in Womanland. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Light Invisible. By R. Benson. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)
Carlyle, Jane Welsh, New Letters and Memorials. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)
My Relations with Carlyle. By J. A. Froude. 2s. net. (Longmans.)
Grove, Sir G., Life and Letters. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
British Political Leaders. By Justin McCarthy. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Marie Corelli, the Writer and the Woman. By F. G. Coates and R. S. W. Bell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Browning, Robert, Life. By G. K. Chesterton (English Men of Letters Series). 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Popular History of the Free Churches. By C. S. Horne. 6s. (J. Clarke.)

DR. JOHNSON.
From a Drawing by A. Wivell, after the bust by Joseph Nollekens.

"Johnson was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. It had been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging. . . . Upon hearing the name of an eminent sculptor mentioned, Johnson observed:—'Well, sir, I think my friend Joe Nollekens can chop out a head with any of them.'"—J. T. Smith's "Nollekens and his Times."

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 23—Rather quiet.
,, 30—A slight improvement in the Home Trade
June 6—Very quiet, but somewhat brisker in Export.
,, 13—A slack week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 18TH TO JUNE 18TH, 1903.

Business was quiet throughout the whole month. The tourist trade, which usually makes a beginning with June, was affected adversely by the inclement weather, and there was no outstanding book issued during the time under review which claimed general attention.

Locally the sales of "Wee Macgreegor" were numerous, and for Mr. Bell's new volume, "Ethel," the demand was so great that its publication had to be delayed, with the result that the first impression, consisting of 30,000 copies, was exhausted in a few days. The sales of the cheap edition of "The Unspeakable Scot" were considerable, and similar volumes likely to become popular on railway bookstalls were "Tony's Highland Tour" and Hislop's "Book of Scottish Anecdote."

Following upon the interest revived by "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" much attention was directed to Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle," and the press notices of the controversy assisted the sale of both volumes.

One of the most noteworthy features of the month's business was the immediate success of Messrs. Hutchinson's New Library of Standard Biographies. The sales of Bourrienne's "Napoleon" were certainly encouraging, and gave good promise for future volumes.

Although the market may well have been thought to be stocked with gift books, Messrs. Collins must be gratified with the ready sale obtained for their "Forward" Series. These books in type, illustrations, and binding, published at one shilling, well merited the ready sale which they secured.

Six shilling novels were not prominent in orders received. The most successful of these were: "The Red Triangle," by Arthur Morrison; "Castle Omeragh," by F. Frankfort Moore; "Haviland's Chum," by B. Mitford; "In the Guardianship of God," by Mrs. Steel; "Pigs in Clover," by Frank Danby; and "Park Lane," by Percy White. Mention may also be made of a local historical novel, entitled "My Lady of the Bass," by S. H. Burchell, to which special attention has been called.

Many orders continued to be booked for Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone." Justin McCarthy's "British Political Leaders" was readily taken up by the libraries.

The two most popular sixpenny editions were "Resurrection" and "Micah Clarke." There was little appearance of improvement in the sales of these sixpenny reprints, and the output of new volumes was evidently on the decline.

As usual at this season magazine sales increased, and the *Strand*, *Pearson*, and the *Royal* were specially prominent. Guide books and maps formed no inconsiderable part of the general business done.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Red Triangle. By Arthur Morrison. (Nash.)
Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton. (Ward, Lock.)
Castle Omeragh. By F. Frankfort Moore. (Constable.)
The Hebrew. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder.)
Haviland's Chum. By B. Mitford. (Chatto.)
In the Guardianship of God. By Mrs. Steel. (Heinemann.)
Park Lane. By Percy White. (Constable.)
Adventures of Harry Revel. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Cassell.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Stay at Homes. By L. B. Walford. (Longmans.)
Letters of Self-made Merchant. By G. W. Lorimer. (Methuen.)
Nine Points of the Law. By W. S. Jackson. (Lane.)

Miscellaneous.

Lovely Woman. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 1s. net. (Richards.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial Company.)
Ethel. By J. J. Bell. (Menzies.)
Rambles in Womanland. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Newnes' Handy Shilling Atlas. 1s. net.
Napoleon Bonaparte. By F. de Bourrienne. 1s net. (Hutchinson.)
My Relations with Carlyle. By J. A. Froude. 2s. net. (Longmans.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JULY.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

July 6th.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Anglo-Americans. 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CRANE, JOHN.—Frank Baylis. 5s. ..... (Walter Scott)

July 9th.

MORIARTY, G. P.—More Kin than Kind. 6s. ..... (Methuen)

July 10th.

ANDREW, S. A.—Household Nursing. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)
DAVY, MRS.—Seven of Them ..... (Walter Scott)

July 13th.

WITT, CAPTAIN PAUL.—Innocent of a Crime. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—Imperial India. 1s. and 2s. (Fisher Unwin)

July 16th.

SURTEES, R. S.—Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
DUTT, W. A.—Suffolk. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
PICKTHALL, M.—Said the Fisherman. 6s. ..... (Methuen)
POCOCK, ROGER.—The Frontierman. 6s. ..... (Methuen)
FLETCHER, J. S.—Lucian the Dreamer. 6s. ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Three Musketeers. 6d. (Methuen)

July 20th.

STEIN, M. A.—Sand Buried Ruins of Khotan. 21s. net (Fisher Unwin)
KEMPSTER, AQUILA.—Adventures of Prince Aga Mirza. 1s. and 2s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HULME, PROF. F. EDWARD.—Butterflies and Moths of the Countryside. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

July 23rd.

CHESNEY, WEATHERBY.—The Baptist Ring. 6s. (Methuen)
NIMROD.—Life of a Sportsman. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
ALBANESI, E. M.—Susannah and One Elder. 6s. ... (Methuen)
MANN, M. E.—Mrs. Peter Howard. 6s. ..... (Methuen)

July 24th.

VITELLESCHI, THE MARCHESA (*née* Cochrane-Baillie).—Book on the Last of the Stuarts, or House of Stuart, 24s. net (Hutchinson)

July 27th.

M. E. L.—Anna Swanwick. 6s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
DAVIDS, T. W. RHYS.—Buddhist India. 5s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
RICHARDSON, MRS. AUBREY.—A Drama of Sunshine. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

July 28th.

CUTCLIFFE HYNE, C. J.—The Little Red Captain. 6d. (Pearson)

July 30th.

COMBE, WILLIAM.—Syntax II. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
BARING-GOULD, REV. S.—Chris of All Sorts. 6s. ... (Methuen)

August 4th.

LYDEKKER, PROF. R., F.R.S.—Mostly Mammals. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson)

Books to be Published during the month, dates not fixed.

RANGER-GULL, C.—Mr. Topham: Comedian. 6s. (Greening)
FITZGERALD, S. ADAIR.—The Love Thirst of Elaine. 6s. (Greening)
MOUNT HRUMAS.—A Tragic Contract. 6s. ..... (Greening)
THORN, GUY.—When it was Dark. 6s. ..... (Greening)
DU BOISGOBEY.—The Convict Colonel. 6d. ..... (Greening)

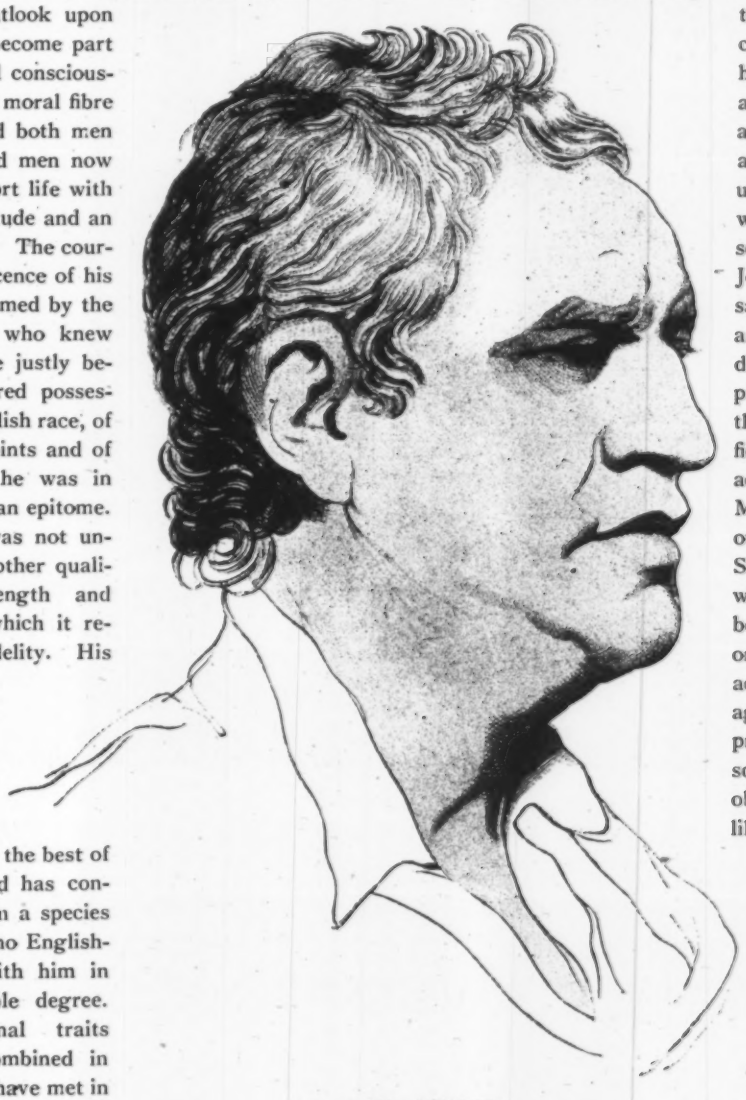
Exemplar Eng. Co.

The Reader.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

By Thomas Seccombe.

DR. JOHNSON ranks with Sir John Falstaff and Mr. Pickwick as one of the three most popular and most typical figures in English literature. Unlike these associates in most respects, Dr. Johnson resembles them in this, that (while there is a veiled period in the early history of each) his personality has been transmitted with such signal success that he is one of those figures whom we seem not only to *know of*, but actually and personally *to know*. His very appearance is more familiar to us through portraits and descriptions than that of any other person of past generations. His massive figure still haunts Fleet Street, and he has "stamped his memory upon the remote Hebrides." His personal habits, his tricks of speech, his outlook upon life, all have become part of our national consciousness, while his moral fibre has encouraged both men in the past and men now living to support life with a manlier fortitude and an enlarged hope. The courage and beneficence of his own life, confirmed by the reports of all who knew him best, have justly become a treasured possession of the English race, of whose good points and of whose foibles he was in many respects an epitome. His intellect was not unworthy of his other qualities, the strength and weakness of which it reflected with fidelity. His conversation was even more remarkable than his writings, admirable though the best of these were, and has conferred upon him a species of fame which no Englishman shares with him in any considerable degree. The exceptional traits which were combined in his personality have met in the person of Boswell with a delineator unrivalled in patience, dexterity, and dramatic insight. The result has been a portrait of a man of letters more life-like than that which any other age or nation has bequeathed to us.



DR. JOHNSON.
From a Portrait by Osias Humphrey.

"Everything there is in harmony, from the forehead down to the chin. Though nothing were seen of that face but the forehead, or the eye, or the chin, in each of these features, taken separately, might be traced the expression of exquisite sense:—how much more is this discoverable in the combination of the whole!"—"Essays on Physiognomy," by J. C. Lavater.

Johnson was born at Lichfield on 18th September, 1709. He maintained that Lichfield was the soberest and genteelest and best-spoken of any town in England. He admitted elsewhere, it is true, that all the better class of persons got drunk every night, and were not thought the worse of for it. But he was above the imputation of inconsistency, and never felt the least anxiety about making his good things square one with another. Boswell once expressed considerable astonishment at there being such a thing as a Staffordshire Whig. To whom Johnson: "Sir, there are rascals in all countries!" His father had a shop in Lichfield and a stall where he sold books at Birmingham, Uttoxeter, and other towns. He understood his trade and was in addition a man of some learning. Of Mrs. Johnson we know little, save that she was pious and over-anxious, that she denied herself in order to procure her son coffee, and that she showed a Chesterfieldian anxiety about his acquiring "behaviour." Michael Johnson was well over fifty, and his wife Sarah (Ford) fully forty, when their famous son was born in 1709. Johnson once spoke of the misery accruing from late marriages, of which he may be presumed to have had some experience. "An old man's child is treated like a little boy's dog; teased with awkward fondness and made to sit up and beg." When two small children were brought before him once to recite poetry, he urged the "little dears" both to begin at once that they might get it over quicker. In March, 1712, the youthful Samuel was

DR. JOHNSON.

From a full-length Portrait.

"His figure was large and well-formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange, and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the fears of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs; when he walked it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame."—Character by Boswell.

taken up to London and touched by Queen Anne for the King's Evil (in other words, for the scrofulous malady which affected his eyesight and prejudiced his general health).

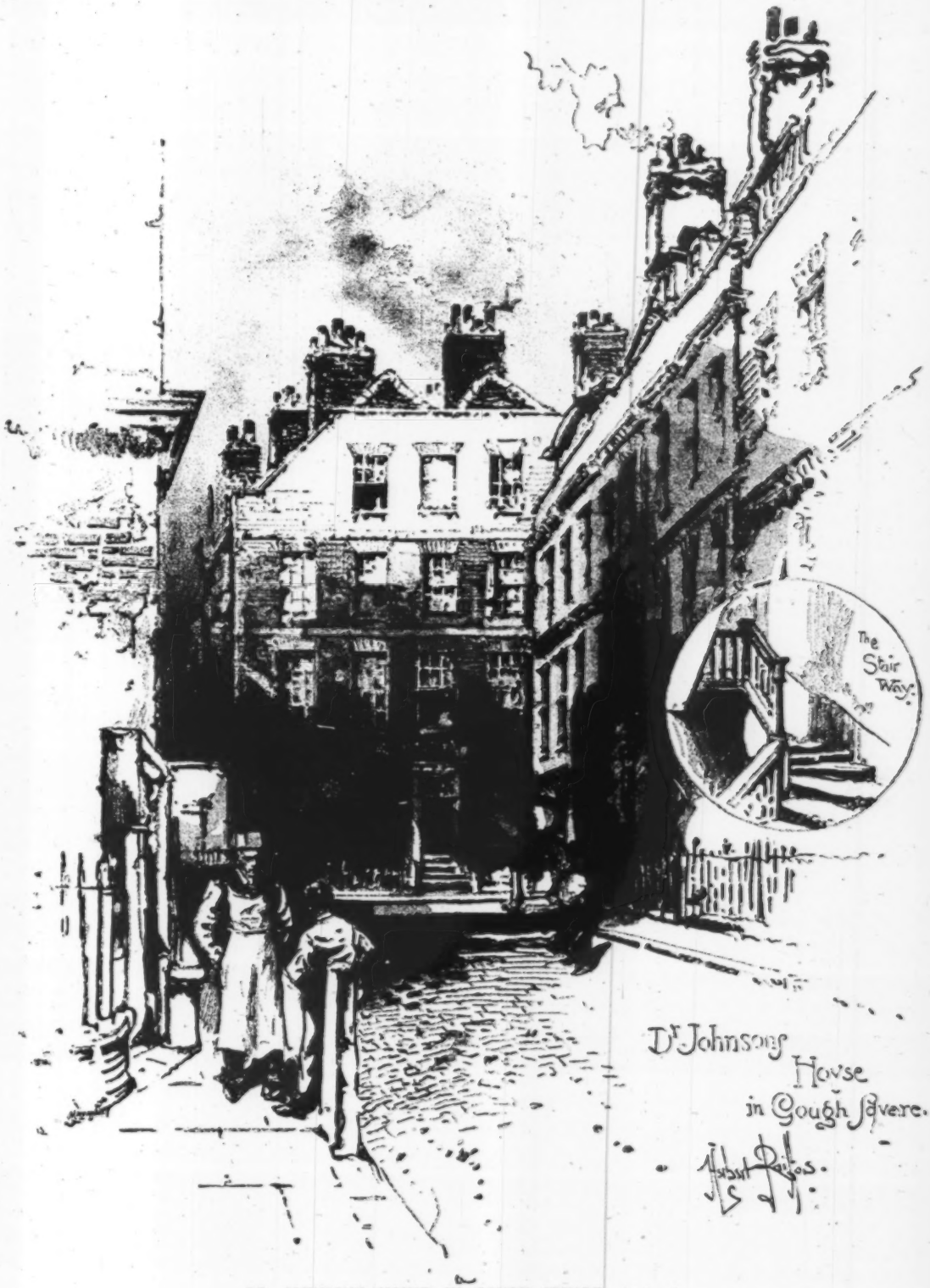
DR. JOHNSON AT BREAKFAST AT MRS. THRALE'S.

From a Drawing by Cruikshank.

"I found it convenient for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where I knew Mr. Johnson would not follow me, and where I could for that reason command some little portion of time for my own use; a thing impossible while I remained at Streatham or at London, as my hours, carriage, and servants had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rung for dinner."—"Anecdotes," by H. L. Piozzi.

Johnson's progress as a scholar does not seem to have been prejudiced either by his ailment, or by the repeated floggings which he had to undergo. Locke's paradox, that chastisement was a lazy method of education, does not seem to have made much way at Lichfield, nor does Johnson himself appear to have been a convert to it. What the unwhipped gain at one end, he maintained, they lose at the other. He always upheld, indeed, that the whipping was salutary to him, though injudiciously applied. The ascendency which he attained over his schoolmates is illustrated by the story that he rode to school every morning on the back of another boy whom he assisted with his lessons. His school days over, he loitered at home for two years, reading in a desultory and discursive fashion all the ancient writers in his father's shop. In 1728 he went into residence at Pembroke College, Oxford, as companion and private teacher to an old schoolfellow. He seems to have been a truant from University lectures, but was feared and respected for his immense memory, precocious wit and independence of mind, and out of the way learning. He had to leave Oxford, owing to lack of resources, at Christmas, 1729, and returned to Lichfield in a very hypochondriacal state without taking his degree. He could already speak Latin fluently, and added to this while at Oxford a sound knowledge of Greek. In later life he compared this language, somewhat oddly, to lace, of which, he says, every man procures as much as he can. In addition to his Greek, Johnson's congenital Jacobitism was strengthened and confirmed at Oxford. There, too, his religious views were vitalised by a reading of Law's "Serious Call to a Holy Life," a book which he took up to laugh at, but found quite an "overmatch" for him. He always averred that he had wasted his time at Oxford, but his standard was, it might seem, impossibly high, for he once said he "never knew a man who studied hard." At the home to which he now returned there was no welcome for Johnson, and in March, 1732, he became usher in a school at Market Bosworth. To spend six weeks or so over the dissection of a single satire by Horace could scarcely have been to the taste of a man who "hardly ever read a book through." But his reason for leaving the school was that he was treated like a menial by the patron, Sir Wolstan Dixie, at whose table he had to say grace.

Of the twenty pounds which Johnson's father had left him upon his death in December, 1731, little now remained. But, undaunted, the young man of twenty-two went to Birmingham and stayed with friends, spending whole days in bed, from which in the early days of 1734 he dictated the first book ever written in Johnsonese, a translation of Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia." In 1735 he was proposed by an influential friend for the mastership of a small grammar school, but the "faces" that Johnson habitually made (probably nervous contortions due to his disorder) so alarmed the trustees that they felt debarred from engaging "so good a schollar." These same twitchings lost him a similar post in 1736.



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE (1748—59).

From a Drawing by Herbert Railton.

"Dr. Johnson resided in No. 17, in the north-west corner of this square, from 1748, and in it compiled a very large portion of his Dictionary. The garret was the working-place of his six amanuenses. He was arrested in this house on March 16th, 1756, for £5 18s., which was paid by Samuel Richardson. It was here, according to Northcote, that Reynolds took Roubillac to call upon Johnson, who 'received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; where besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs.'"—Wheatley's "London, Past and Present."

Blind and disfigured as he was, Johnson was of a very amorous disposition. His reason disapproved of love-matches, but he made one himself, after several preliminary "raptures," to a fat and elderly widow of forty-seven. Johnson was no great discriminator of beauty, male or female. He speaks of the difficulty of selection in a place like London, where the "conflicting claims" must be bewildering. What is certain is that he treated his painted Betty (or, as he called her, "Tetty" and "pretty charmer") as a distinguished

DR. JOHNSON'S LODGING AT HAMPSTEAD,
Described by him as "a small house beyond the church."

"Its name of Priory Lodge was probably derived from a sham Gothic structure in its neighbourhood known as Frognal Priory, which disappeared in 1876. In Priory Lodge Johnson undoubted'y lived during part of 1748, and his wife much longer. Here he wrote the greatest part of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*."—Austin Dobson's Introduction to Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

beauty, and respected her coquetries to the last.* He fearlessly denounced a "cheerless celibacy." More than that, he never ceased to mourn his wife (she died 28th March, 1752), and shut himself in upon every anniversary of her death.

The years following his marriage, 1736 to 1747, when the "Dictionary" was planned, form the most cheerless section of Johnson's life. For a short time upon the products of his wife's dowry he set up a small school at Edial, near Lichfield, where he had for his pupils the two sons of a half-pay officer of his native town, named Garrick. Judging by the example of his later years, when he was not living from hand to mouth, he probably took things fairly easily. At any rate the school was a failure, and, in 1737, Johnson set out to London in the company of David Garrick with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of "Irene" in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction in his pocket, leaving his wife to follow next year.

No one ever did more than Johnson to regularise the position of the paid author, and to emancipate him from the patron; but the transition period was a trying one for the professional writer. Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the most dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. "Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public." The booksellers of the day were the smallest of small capitalists, and liable to have even their comparatively small gains pilfered by pirates in Dublin, if not nearer home (for the law of copyright was still in an embryo condition); they could only subsist at all by "sweating" their authors. Such occupation as was open to the professional "Hackney" was soon obtained by Johnson. From 1738 he was employed by Edward Cave upon the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a sapless periodical then seven years old. One of his chief tasks from 1740 to 1743 was the compilation from rough notes supplied by Cave of the parliamentary debates. The idea was to supply "the essence of Parliament," but as direct reporting was forbidden the speakers were introduced under transparent nicknames as Senators of Lilliput. Where the notes were defective Johnson drew upon his own imagination, taking care, as he afterwards declared, "that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." Before this, in 1738, he got £10 for his poem "London," in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, a gloomy but powerful variation in declamatory verse upon the theme, "Slow rises Worth by Poverty depressed." Pope prophesied that the author would soon be *déterré*. In the meantime, however, he was occupied upon translations, and even less remunerative work. He wrote sermons, prefaces, and advertisements, and compiled indexes, living at the rate of fivepence a day, visiting his patrons on clean shirt days, but frequently so shabby that he could not appear in public at all. Osborne, the bookseller, had the temerity to reprove him for some negligence in preparing a catalogue of the Harleian Library, and was knocked

DR. JOHNSON.
Engraved by Geo. Zobel from a Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds,
Originally in the possession of the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ely.

Of the various portraits of Dr. Johnson painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the more important were those executed in 1756 for Boswell, in 1773 for Beauclerk, and in 1778 for Malone. It was referring to the last of these that Johnson declared, "I will not be *blinking Sam*."

*The fable that it was her step-daughter, Lucy Porter, whom he really wanted to marry is due to the malignity of Miss Seward.

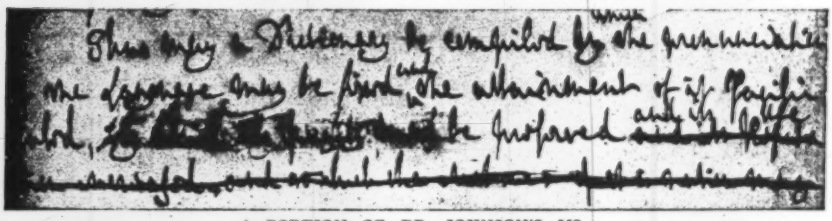
DR. JOHNSON IN THE ANTE-ROOM AT LORD CHESTERFIELD'S.

From a Painting by E. M. Ward, A.R.A.

"Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his Lordship the Plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation. The world has been for many years amused with a story confidently told, and as confidently repeated with additional circumstances, that a sudden disgust was taken by Johnson upon occasion of his having been one day kept long in waiting in his Lordship's ante-chamber, for which the reason assigned was, that he had company with him; and that at last, when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber; and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he found for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went away in a passion, and never would return."—Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

down by the offended scholar with a folio Septuagint. "I have beat many a fellow," said the great man afterwards to Mrs. Piozzi, "but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues." In 1744 he wrote off at a white heat his powerful though erroneous "Life of Richard Savage," a scamp whose talent was threadbare enough, but whose wide experience of life had gained him the ear and the sympathy of Johnson, ever ready to listen to a tale of distress. "The Life of Savage" contributed greatly to extend Johnson's reputation. He was one day sitting in Robert Dodsley's shop when that bookseller took occasion to observe that a dictionary of the English language would be a work that would be well received by the public. Johnson caught at the idea, but after a pause said, "I believe I shall not undertake it." He had, however, pondered such a work, and Dodsley's suggestion probably clinched the matter. The bookseller induced him, in 1747, to address a scheme or "Plan" of the dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, then Secretary of State and the contemporary Maecenas. The payment of the work was undertaken by a combination of booksellers. Johnson was to receive a sum of £1,575, out of which he had to pay several amanuenses. Asked by Dr. Adams how he expected to finish such a work in three years, while the French Academy of forty had taken forty years to compile their dictionary, Johnson replied jocularly, "Sir, thus it is: this is the proportion; forty times forty is 1,600. As three to 1,600, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman." It took five or six men the best part of eight years before the "Dictionary" was complete. In the meantime, in January, 1749, appeared his second poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," a poem more sincere in its melancholy than its predecessor, an exercise greatly admired by Scott and by Byron; and, indeed, as an expression of rhetorical gloom hardly to be surpassed. The same year saw the production of Johnson's tragedy, "Irene" (which had been refused in 1738), at Drury Lane, through the kind offices of his friend Garrick. The players' zeal procured for "Irene" a better reception than it deserved (it ran for nine evenings). Apart from its frigidity and its lack of dramatic interest, the blank verse in which it is composed is execrably bad, speaking volumes as to Johnson's subsequent judgments upon pre-Drydenian verse. The great lexicographer probably cherished some illusions about his early tragedy, but when asked how he felt upon his ill success, replied, "Like the Monument." In later years, when some passages were read from it he left the room, and subsequently remarked that "he did not think it had been so bad."

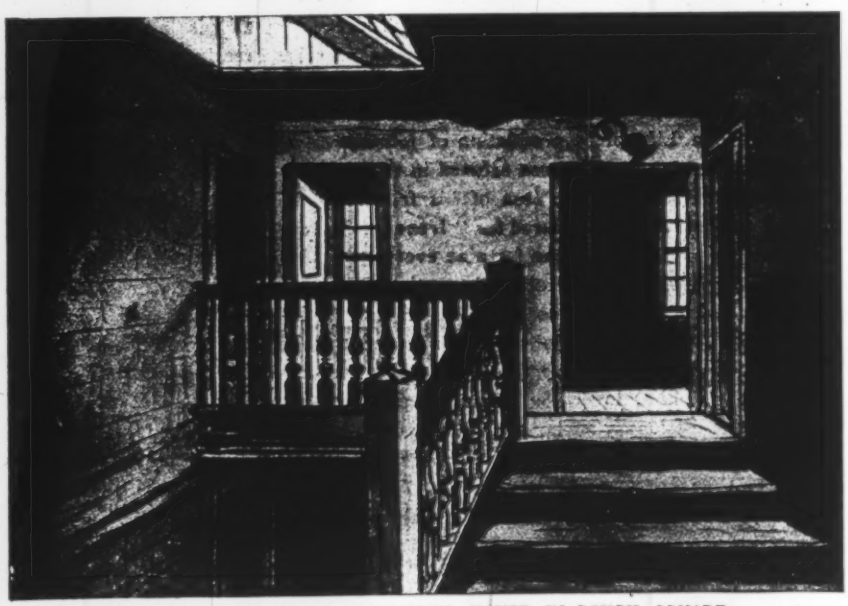
In March, 1750, when the "Dictionary" was in mid-course, Johnson commenced his periodical, the *Rambler*, which continued to appear at the price of twopence every Thursday and Saturday, down to March, 1752. A few days after the appearance of the last number, Mrs. Johnson died. He took up a similar periodical, the *Idler*, in 1758-60. Between the two, and his contribu-



A PORTION OF DR. JOHNSON'S MS.

Taken from the last pages of "A Short Scheme for Compiling a New Dictionary of the English Language," dated 20th April, 1746.

tions to the *Adventurer*, of his old associate Hawkesworth, Johnson must have written fully three hundred of the ponderous essays popular at that day. Their pleasantries recall Johnson's description of Burke's attempts at humour as those of "a beetle in the mire." The women characters, as Garrick said, were all "Johnsons in petticoats," and the hard words so numerous that the style was said to be designed to prepare the way for the great "Dictionary." This epoch-making work, our standard English Dictionary for over a century, appeared in 1755. The same year witnessed the manly reproof which he administered to Lord Chesterfield in his memorable "Letter." But Johnson was no better off for the work which had made him famous. He was tired and indolent; he preferred "poverty and the pride of literature" to any fresh enterprise involving toil. He fell into extreme indigence and was more than once arrested for debt. In 1759 his mother died, and during the evenings of a single week he threw up "Rasselas," a long "Rambler" tricked out in the setting of an Oriental novel, in order to defray her debts and pay the expenses of her funeral. The release from his worst period of bondage was now at hand. In 1762 he received his pension from George III.; next year he made the acquaintance of Boswell; "the club" was formed in 1764, and in 1765 he made the acquaintance of Mr. Thrale, a rich brewer with a comfortable villa at Streatham, where a room was always prepared for him. From Gough Square to Staple Inn, from Staple Inn to Inner Temple Lane, and thence to 7, Johnson's Court, Johnson in 1776 made his last move to No. 8, Bolt Court, where he retained a *pied à terre* for himself and his books, and his negro servant Francis; while the greater part of the house was devoted to his poor pensioners, Miss Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, Miss Carmichael, Dr. Levett, and the cat "Hodge." His own personal needs were restricted almost entirely to a brown suit and a bob-wig. On his deathbed he testified to the supreme importance which he attached to the "propitiatory sacrifice of Christ"; but no man exhibited by the actions of his whole life a nobler belief in the efficacy of "good works." His time he now consecrated more and more to strenuous talk, to the cultivation of his friends, to club life and to travel; revisiting with increasing fondness his old college at Oxford, the house of his old school friend, Dr. Taylor, at Ashbourne, and his early haunts at Lichfield. Henceforth we trace his life along the stream of his talk recorded by Boswell in inimitable pages. Among the most dramatic scenes are Boswell's introduction to the Sage, related in his most natural and unaffected manner; Johnson's interview with George III., where we seem almost to be listening behind a bookcase in the Royal library; Boswell's impressive dinner to Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and Goldsmith, where the interplay between the great actor and Goldy, and the latter's boastings of his bloom-coloured coat are so maliciously touched in; the dinner at Dilly's in May, 1773, when Johnson had a spirited altercation with Dr. Mayo on the subject of toleration; the romantic bear-leading of Johnson round the Western Islands in the autumn of the same year, of which both the great man and subsequently his disciple published highly diverting accounts; the jaunt to Oxford in 1776; the admirable interlude of the dinner at Dilly's, at which it was so contrived that Johnson should sit next to the unprincipled patriot, Jack Wilkes; a delightful visit to Ashbourne in September, 1777, during which Boswell caught the local colour of the place in a surprising manner; the quarrel of Johnson and



THE STAIRWAY OF DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE.

"We ourselves, not without labour and risk, lately discovered Gough Square, between Fleet Street and Holborn (adjoining both to Bolt Court and Johnson's Court); and, on the second day of our search, the very house there, wherein the *English Dictionary* was composed. . . . It is a stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house; 'I have spent many a pound and penny on it since then,' said the worthy Landlord; 'here, you see, this Bedroom was the Doctor's study; that was the garden' (a plot of delved ground somewhat larger than a bed-quilt) 'where he walked for exercise; these three great bedrooms' (where his copyists sat and wrote) 'were the place he kept his—Pupils in!'"—Thomas Carlyle, 1832.

DR. JOHNSON.

From an Engraving by J. Heath, after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted in 1756.

"Mr. R. B. Adams, of Buffalo, has in his collection three impressions of J. Heath's engraving of the first portrait of Johnson, painted by Reynolds. 'I found,' writes Boswell, 'that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me.'"—Addenda in G. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies."

Dr. Percy in April, 1778, and Bozzy's awkward attempts at a reconciliation; the jaunt to Oxford in 1784; the last dinner at Reynolds's, and the biographer's final and pathetic parting with the Doctor at the door of his house in Bolt Court. It is but too plain that a marked coldness supervened during the autumn of 1784, owing, probably, to Johnson's intolerance of Bozzy's valetudinarian grumblings, which prevented them seeing more of each other until Johnson's death on 13th December. He was seventy-five at the time of his death, which produced a deep sensation. He was buried in the Abbey on 20th December, 1784, and among his pall-bearers were Burke, Windham, and Sir Joseph Banks.

The circumstances attending the production of Johnson's best literary work deserve further mention.

When Johnson obtained his pension in 1762, owing to the representations of Mr. Wedderburne to the then Prime Minister, Lord Bute, he had already achieved a position as a species of dictator of the literary republic of the metropolis. As poet and scholar, as grammarian and moral essayist, and still more perhaps by his well-known versatility as an occasional writer; by his reserve strength as an ally, and by his value as a literary consultant, Johnson had obtained a unique position among professional writers of the day, though it was generally recognised that he had achieved nothing fully commensurate with his powers. Henceforth composition became increasingly irksome to him; he had written extraordinarily well under pressure, but now that the pressure was removed he tried to evade writing altogether, and all the writing that he was induced to do was undertaken under

DR. JOHNSON'S ROOM IN INNER TEMPLE LANE,
Where he resided "in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature" from 1760—1765.

"He had removed, about the beginning of the year 1760, to chambers two doors down the Inner Temple Lane; and I have been told by his neighbour at the corner, that during the time he dwelt there, more enquiries were made at his shop for Mr. Johnson, than for all the inhabitants put together of both the Inner and Middle Temple."—Hawkins's "Life of Johnson."

conditions involving an application of something nearly resembling the old stimulus. In 1765 he was forced by shame into producing the edition of Shakespeare for which he had issued proposals and taken subscriptions nine years earlier. Done, as it was, at a white heat, his preface forms one of the most vigorous essays that ever came from his pen. In 1774-5 he produced a fairly vivacious account of his "Journey to the Western Islands." Three years later a syndicate of booksellers which had resolved upon an elaborate edition of the "English Poets" sent a deputation to him requesting that he would furnish a short life of each poet upon his own terms. He was delighted with the proposal, and named two hundred guineas as the price. The scheme expanded under his hands; much of it, however, was accomplished in a very hasty, irregular, and unequal fashion. Working sporadically, it occupied him nearly four years, and he was eventually paid four hundred guineas. "The Lives" were written at a happy hour, when Johnson had receded most from the pompousness of his verbose period (that of the *Rambler*), and before his health or mental powers had begun to show any signs of abatement.

Johnson had experienced much and suffered; he had read enormously in his younger days, and shown remarkable capacity (rather than original genius) both as a scholar and as a writer. A man of a noble heart and of an admirable courage, as a writer he expended his thunder in supporting old-fashioned opinions and vulgar prejudices. He was, indeed, a great respecter of order and convention, and was perhaps less a universal hater than a profound discriminator of humbug. In regard to the stage-management of the world, through the agency of princes and parties, with their politics and their platitudes, he was in reality a very Gallio. "Why, sir," said he, "most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things!" He saw through pretence at once. To fear God and take his own part, might have been his motto. He prized above everything his personal freedom and his right to differ. There is nothing certainly in all this to differentiate Johnson from a very large body of his fellow-countrymen. Men equally sound-hearted, intelligent, robust, surly and independent, have never perhaps abounded; but have at no time been rare or exceptional in this island. No! the more we sound and dredge in the great sea that is "Boswell's Johnson," the more apt are we to come to the conclusion that the great differentiating force in the man himself is his *great wit*, a wit always ready for immediate action, so prompt and alert as practically never to be at a loss, and a wit enriched and sustained from the resources of a memory cellarage of enormous capacity. Porson said that it took him over forty years to discover that wit and wisdom were essentially the same thing. From the first moment that we begin to know Dr. Johnson at all well, we recognise that he arrived at this conclusion by a path of his own.

It is, then, mainly in the right of his large humanity and his conspicuous wit that Dr. Johnson takes rank with the great names of his generation. His influence is harder to summarise and to define than that of any of the others. For it was not exerted by Johnson directly as an artist or as a thinker: yet it was exercised more directly perhaps than the influence of any of the others, through the medium of literature, and in ultimate effect it may prove to be the most powerful and most penetrating of them all.

"Boswell's Johnson" in fact does what is done in a greater degree perhaps by some sacred books, and in a lesser degree by Pepys, by Rousseau, and by Borrow—it transmits a personality—the heart of the secret in literature. The personality in this case of a plain man, not devoid by any means of passion or of prejudice, but thoroughly manly, full of tenderness, richly endowed with wit.

Poetry has been defined by Matthew Arnold as "a criticism of life." If this be a good definition then Boswell's "Life" is one of the greatest poems ever written. For Johnson is shown in this book, adapting to a somewhat complex life those primary conclusions from the experience of Humanity which have been summarised by Mankind's oldest and greatest teachers. Seek justice, love mercy, ensue righteousness and truth. And of which the watchwords are Duty, Self-respect, Industry, Truth, Pity, Indignation, Bravery, and Humour. Nor must we omit Piety. Piety, in its best sense, was a strong characteristic of Samuel Johnson. We remember the scene at Uttoxeter, and his death-bed recommendation to Reynolds to read his Bible. Equally with his Bible he loved his Prayer Book, and he wrote many

prayers himself—but the portion of the liturgy which he inculcated with the greatest zeal and devotion, was the least doctrinal—the injunction to do one's duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call one.

Duty, the elusive nature of happiness, the need of meeting the slings and arrows of fortune with courage, tempered by humour: and to this be added, "Clear your *mind* of cant"; obey constituted authorities, read your Bible and observe the Sabbath,—so strict a Sabbatarian was the great man himself that he would not correct the proof of his "Life of Waller," even on a Good Friday (his belief in Hell was of the firmest and most definite. He had lived twenty years in Grub Street, and had a shrewd knowledge of the world). Such as it seems to us are the plain lessons of Dr. Johnson's life and character.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE.*

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

THERE have been some misfits in the new series of "English Men of Letters," but Mr. Chesterton's brilliant essay on Browning is not one of them. It was a delicate feat of imaginative wit on the part of Mr. John Morley to choose him for this task, not only because he brings out the best in Browning, but also because Browning brings out the best in him. Criticism is a revelation of the critic as well as of the creator. The better the critic the more subjective the criticism, for criticism is an art of spiritual reverberations as well as an art of spiritual judgments. Life and literature, which is life in language, are things too nervously alive to be arranged, as a numismatist arranges coins, without passion and without prejudice. The spiritual blow struck by a poet is struck afresh on the soul of every reader, and criticism is the echo of these spiritual blows. Browning strikes Mr. Chesterton on that part of his soul which is most resonant, and the reverberating clang is deep and full and clear. The explanation of this is an explanation of Browning, on the one hand, and of Mr. Chesterton on the other.

Browning is the most idiosyncratic poet in English literature. His poetry is his personality. Apart from his personality his poetry can hardly be said to exist. Other poets tinge poetry with their personality. Browning tinges his personality with poetry. Take even our greatest poet, Shakespeare, and try to subtract from his work the portion which is coloured by his personality. The bulk of his work would remain. Subtract from the work of Milton, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Wordsworth that part which is dyed by idiosyncrasy, and the great body of it would be left. But subtract from Browning's work the part which is dyed by idiosyncrasy, and what remains? Practically nothing. In most poets personality expresses itself in verbal manner or mannerism, and not in the spiritual fibre of their poetry; but the poetry of Browning is in its very essence idiosyncratic. It is true that his personality expresses itself superficially in verbal manner and mannerism, but

*"Robert Browning." By G. K. Chesterton. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

DR. JOHNSON'S STAIRWAY IN INNER TEMPLE LANE.

The House which was inscribed "Dr. Johnson's Staircase" was demolished in 1857, but the staircase was preserved. Johnson lived here at the time when Murphy was deputed by Lord Loughborough to inform him that a pension was to be offered him.

"July 19th, 1763.—I was with Mr. Johnson to-day. I was in his garret up four pair of stairs; it is very airy, commands a view of St. Paul's, and many a brick roof."—Boswell to Temple.

in his poetry the idiosyncrasy of manner and mannerism is only the garb worn by the idiosyncrasy of his imaginative energy. The hasty critic is apt to think that the originality of Browning is purely an originality of manner and mannerism, of rhythm and of rhyme. That is profoundly untrue. The originality of his verbal form is a trivial and unimportant fact compared with the originality of his imaginative impulse. It is merely an originality of an originality. The one is the wave on the sea: the other is the sea itself. The one is born of the other, and you cannot conceive the one as existing apart from the other. It would be absurd to say that it is the waves which make the sea different from the land, but not more absurd than to say that it is Browning's manner which makes him different from Tennyson. It is the fundamental energy of personality that is the true differentia between Browning and other poets. It is this mysteriously exuberant expression of personality which makes Browning unclassifiable and incomparable. That is why Browning is without poetic ancestors and will be without poetic posterity. You can ape a manner or a mannerism, but you can no more ape an idiosyncrasy than you can swop souls with your milkman. The only parallel to Browning's volcanic projection of his personality is to be found, not in poetry, but in prose—in Charles Dickens, whose fundamental imaginative energy is as idiosyncratic as Browning's. It is a mis-

take to compare Browning's expression of his personality with that of Ruskin or of Carlyle, for in their case idiosyncrasy does not go deeper than manner and mannerism. Their personality is not idiosyncratised in its essence, but only in its expression, whereas in the case of Dickens and Browning their personality is idiosyncratised both in its essence and in its expression.

Idiosyncrasy calls unto idiosyncrasy as deep calls unto deep, as Marconigraph to Marconigraph. There are personalities which are deaf to Browning, and there are personalities which are tuned to receive his wireless signals. Now it is beyond question that in Mr. Chesterton idiosyncrasy is very powerfully developed, and it is to that he owes his picturesque originality as a critic. We do not realise how rare personality is in literature, or how deeply it is concerned with the making of literary vitality. What are the dead books? The impersonal books. What are the living books? The personal books. Without personality the literary artist can do nothing. Whatever Mr. Chesterton is or is not, at least he is idiosyncratic. He is violently, frantically, riotously, ferociously, blasphemously himself. You can no more conceive the possibility of there being two Chestertons than you can conceive the possibility of there being two Chamberlains or two "J. D.'s." I understand that Mr. Chesterton's audacious egoism offends many good and worthy souls. That is not only inevitable, it is desirable. The very ownership of a personality is an insult to the owners of other personalities. Most of us spend our lives in a miserable attempt to harmonise our personality with the great mass of half-harmonised personalities around us. Mr. Chesterton joyously refuses to join in that ancient hypocrisy. He does not know the meaning of caution, or moderation, of the golden mean, or of any of those other complex artificialities which modify, dilute, and equalise average ideas, opinions, views, and judgments. Here, then, is a quality which resembles the master quality of Browning. Not only has Mr. Chesterton got a dominant idiosyncratic energy, but he has also got a dominant idiosyncratic energy of a kind similar to Browning's. For it is not enough to have the idiosyncratic insolence yourself in order to echo and answer the idiosyncratic insolence of another man: you must also have the same sort of idiosyncratic insolence.

What, then, is this idiosyncratic insolence of Browning which appeals to Mr. Chesterton? It is, I think, his perception of that grotesque element in existence which is the true basis of optimism. Mr. Chesterton's humour, like Browning's, is based on the cosmic incongruity which exists between the soul of man and the external universe—that cosmic incongruity which is at the root of laughter. He perceives that existence is a vast comedy of relationships, and that the relations between man's soul and the external universe are not fixed, but fluid and plastic, being visible to man not only as what they are, and as what they might be, but also as what they ought to be. Looking out from the central insolence of egoism man laughs (or weeps) at the comedy (or tragedy) of cosmic incongruity. Mr. Chesterton looks out from the central insolence of egoism and laughs. That being his temper, it is easy to see that Browning is the one poet who sets all the wild echoes of laughter in his egoism on a roar. For Browning is the laureate of cosmic incongruity, the singer of the central laughter of the central soul. Call that laughter what you will, it is in its essence spiritual, and the absolute antithesis of the laughter of the cynic, which indeed is not true laughter at all, but a kind of miserable counterfeit.

This temper, this spiritual grotesquerie is, as I have said, absolutely new in our poetry, and it is idle to pursue irrelevant analogies between it and the grotesquerie of Swift, Butler, Barham, Hood, Lear, and Lewis Carroll. But although it is new, it is, I think, a direct outcome of the great literary revival which Mr. Watts-Dunton has called "the renascence of wonder." The poets of wonder, Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, fed their spiritual astonishment on the congruity of life as seen through nature. Browning took this spiritual astonishment from the poets of wonder, but he fed it on the incongruity of life as seen through humanity. They looked at man through nature. He looked at nature through man. They glorified the external egoisms: he glorified the internal egoisms. He saw that life is essentially the energy of the one man transmuting the colossal comedy of external relations into terms of his own idiosyncrasy. His poetry is one long rapturous vindication of that central egoism of humanity which is the fortress of optimism. In Mr. Chesterton this central egoism rages with the divine fury of youth, and therefore he finds in Browning inexhaustible fuel for the flames which consume him. "The poet," he says, "in his ancient office, gave men halters and haloes; Browning gives men neither halter nor halo—he gives them voices." And it is a very fine, resonant, hilarious, rollicking voice that he gives Mr. Chesterton; a voice which preaches the gospel of the grotesque and the gospel of optimism in the most brilliant, most original, and most suggestive piece of criticism that I have read for years. It is true that he sometimes runs a paradox off the rails, but his errors are more exhilarating than the average accuracies of the ordinary critic. For instance, he goes wrong in treating "ruggedness" as being identical with "the grotesque," whereas the two qualities are quite different, for the grotesque is not always rugged, and the rugged is not always grotesque. But he quickly works his way to the heart of the matter, and reaches the real philosophy of the grotesque:—"To present a matter in a grotesque manner does certainly tend to touch the nerve of surprise, and thus to draw attention to the essentially miraculous character of the object itself." That is deeply true. The great problem of poetry is not only to see but to make others see what you see. Grotesquerie is the art of expressing idiosyncrasy by the creation of incongruous relationships. That is the whole secret of Browning, whose spiritual use of the grotesque is absolutely original. It is not altogether accurate to say that Browning "had a love of the grotesque of the nature of art for art's sake," for his love of the grotesque was deeper than any artificial theory or æsthetic shibboleth, being inspired by his yearning to escape from that refrigeration of poetic style which is fatal to the utterance of

DR. JOHNSON.

From the Painting executed by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1773, and engraved by W. Holl.

This picture was painted for Beauclerk, and on its frame he had inscribed,

"Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."
("Underneath this rude, uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.")

On the death of the owner, when it became the property of Mr. Langton, the inscription was defaced. Johnson said complacently, "It is kind of you to take it off," and then after a pause, he added, "and not unkind in him to put it on."

personality. It is not enough to understand poetry: you must feel it. It must shatter your indifference so violently that you are shaken by the eager emotion that shook the poet. Browning's grotesquerie is a revolt against the polite languors of literature. Like all revolts, it is scarred with violences and crudities, but regarded as a whole, it is a triumphant conquest of literary cynicism, and a triumphant deliverance of the spiritual wonder and mystery of life from the complacent lassitude of literary phrasemongers. It is a new trumpet made to blow an old blast in a new way, and I am sure Mr. Chesterton's essay will open the ears of the younger generation to its ringing music.

ENGLISH LITERATURE: A BIOGRAPH.*

WHEN Dr. Christie wrote his notable article in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1884, on "Biographical Dictionaries," England was still several laps behind the Continent in what Matthew Arnold called "the journeyman work of literature." Since that date the publishers and the book-buying public have co-operated with singular energy to make good the defici-

* "English Literature." An Illustrated Record, in four volumes. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. Vols. I. and III. 15s. net each. (Heinemann.)

ency. For some time past, indeed, the tendency has been decided to revert to the old idea of the big book as the repository of learning, while our older literature dissembles its diffuseness and is compressed into *Bibelots* and "Little Libraries," to which the generic title of the "Bramah Press" might not seem inappropriate. If Guicciardini had lived to-day he would have concealed the bulk of his efforts upon India paper, and neither he nor Alison would have ever provoked the *ventrem iratum* of the book-epicure. The other arts and sciences having been almost without exception provided for, it became abundantly manifest that it was high time for English literature to be put upon an encyclopædic footing. The handbooks and manuals, with which in the nineteenth century our ancestors were satisfied, are already nearly as old-fashioned as Webbe and Puttenham appeared to "the refined age" of Cowley and Waller. Since Henry Morley's "First Sketch" appeared in 1873, the field has been enriched by a bewildering variety of monographs and reprints, and quite recently a number of ambitious efforts have been made to incorporate the new material in literary guides and handbooks of an increasingly

JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE AT BRIGHTON.

Dr. Johnson paid numerous visits to Brighton, and his letters to Mrs. Thrale show the difference between modern Brighton and the Brighthelmstone of his day. On Sept. 27th, 1777, he wrote to her: "I know not when I shall write again, now you are going to the world's end," followed on Oct. 6th by "Methinks you are now a great way off; and if I come, I have a great way to come to you; and then the sea is so cold, and the rooms are so dull; yet I do love to hear the sea roar and my mistress talk. For when she talks, ye gods! how she will talk."

THE TURK'S HEAD, GERRARD STREET, SOHO.

The first meeting-place of *The Literary Club* in 1764.

"Soon after his (Dr. Johnson's) return to London, which was in February, was founded that Club, which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's funeral became distinguished by the title of *The Literary Club*. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceeded; and the original members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Charnier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho, one evening in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a pretty late hour."—Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

exhaustive character. Among these it will be sufficient to cite—Professor Saintsbury's "Short History of English Literature," 1898; Mr. Hamilton Thompson's "History of English Literature," 1901; Bell's series of "Handbooks of English Literature" (in nine small volumes ranging from the "Age of Chaucer" to the "Age of Tennyson"); and Chambers's newly edited "Cyclopædia of English Literature." This last compilation has thrown down a gauntlet which constitutes a very serious challenge to all competitors. In France, since 1898, similar tendencies have led to parallel results in the literary histories of Brunetière, Lanson, Pellissier, Faguet, and Petit de Julleville (these last two admirably illustrated). In Germany during a like period, Könnecke, Koenig, and Vogt and Koch, have produced striking pictorial histories of the literature of the Fatherland. But the Teutons have gone further than this. With characteristic temerity they have anticipated our countrymen in producing an illustrated history of English literature of really excellent quality, R. Wülker's "Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur" (Leipzig, 1896). While in the corresponding work of Professor Engel they have produced what may safely be described as the worst history of English literature on record. For the immediate forerunners of the present work, however, it is probable that we should look less to any of the foregoing works than to the profusely illustrated serials, such as Green's "Short History," Traill's "Social England," and the compilation known as "Living Animals," which in their several ways have had such a considerable success in this country. The present survey of English literature is expressly an "illustrated record," for the production of which improvements in glazed paper, the manufacture of process blocks, and the three-colour process have paved the way even more decisively than the considerable advance made in literary scholarship during the past twenty years. The dream-like charm of the woodcuts of our youth, such as those in the "Pictorial History of England," has departed for ever.

DR. JOHNSON IN 1777.
Engraved by E. Finden, after the bust by Nollekens.
This bust was modelled in clay, but never put into marble. The sculptor himself thought it one of his best works.
"Mr. Nollekens, the statuary, has had my direction to send you a cast of my head. I will pay the carriage when we meet. Let me know how you like it, and what the ladies of your rout say to it. I have heard different opinions."—Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Porter, Nov. 20, 1777.

The illustrations to the present work are profuse (210 +360, of which about seventy are full-page) and interesting in a high degree, though in uniformity of excellence they are scarcely on a par with those in the works we have mentioned, while their educational value is considerably impaired by the defective descriptions which accompany them. To criticise the literary execution of such a far-ranging survey dogmatically and in detail would need the self-confidence of a Johnson or a Macaulay. By writers such as Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse it is needless to say that we are transported over this vast territory with an ease and rapidity, and also with a grace and a finish that could hardly be matched by any other dual collaboration. It will be noticed that the two most arduous and crucial volumes, those dealing with Shakespeare and Bacon, and Scott and Dickens respectively, are still to come, and in the meantime the work suffers considerably by the absence of the transitional chapters between 1500 and 1630, especially as in Vol. I. (from the beginnings to Henry VIII.) we are conducted upon a plan that is primarily historical, while in Vol. III. (1630-1780) the work proceeds upon an almost purely biographical basis, and the general drift of literary development is more and more obscured by the multiplicity of brief vignettes of writers. One cannot see the wood for the trees. In the main the ground plan adopted seems to be that of the French compilations of Lanson, Brunetière, and Petit de Julleville, a critical commentary in large type being reinforced by short biographies of the authors discussed. Under the French system, however, these lives, which are mere skeletons, are supplemented by brief yet highly useful bibliographical notes. In the present work the lives are a good deal fuller, while the bibliographical details are absent. The facts and dates, it may be mentioned, with which these pages abound, bear testimony to very careful and thorough revision. The chief defect of the volumes, and especially of the later chapters, is to be sought in the insufficient blending of the three main features, the critical section, the biographies, and the illustrative specimens, and in the failure to make the most of the pictures, the chapter grouping and the essay portions as a means of simplifying and elucidating such a vast mass of detail for the apprehension of the student. The biographies as a rule are the reverse of florid, but occasionally Mr. Gosse's exuberant fancy is apt to run away with him. He speaks of the damning evidence contained in the "Tale of a Tub" that when Swift "had the sacred garments in his hands, he tore away as much of the gold fringe as he could, like an infuriated ape." The figure reminds one of that of Sydney Smith playing with the fringe of his pulpit cushion. But, seriously, the likening of a genius so grand and so gloomy as Swift to an infuriated ape seems hardly within the bounds of literary propriety. Many of the similitudes are even more beside the mark. Such comparisons, for instance, as that of Bishop Pecocke of "Repressor" fame to Bishop Colenso (and inferentially of the Lollards with the Zulus) does not appeal to us as particularly illuminating. An erratic fancy and a profusion of almost lyrical epithets play over the work and are apt to bewilder the sober-minded reader.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET.
Where he lived from 1765 to 1776.
"From Inner Temple Lane, Johnson migrated to No. 7, Johnson's Court, where, in 1775, he received a second honorary degree, that of D.C.L., Oxford. Johnson's Court (the name of which is a mere coincidence) lies on the north side of Fleet Street, to the north and west of the present Anderton's Hotel. While here he published his *Journey to the Western Islands*, and his long-promised Shakespeare. . . . At Johnson's Court, the Doctor was already surrounded by his little colony of pensioners. Levett,

'Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend,'

occupied the garret; and blind Miss Williams the ground floor. On Easter Day, 1773, Boswell, to his delight, dined with his Mentor *chez lui*, on 'a boiled leg of lamb, and spinach, a veal pye, and a rice pudding.'"—Austin Dobson's Introduction to Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

DR. JOHNSON.

Engraved by J. J. De Claussin, after a Painting by J. Northcote.

"Those eyebrows, forming two horizontal lines under a narrow forehead, that nose inclining downwards, the contour of that closed mouth, the form of that chin, those half-opened eyes, that air of reflection—in a word, every feature presents, in my opinion, signs of sagacity and meditation."—"Essays on Physiognomy," by J. C. Lavater.

New Books.

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

These volumes complete the series of handbooks, under the general editorship of Professor Hales, which now constitute a continuous History of English Literature (with only a single gap—1400-1579) from Chaucer to Tennyson. So well-informed and well-proportioned are these excellent handbooks that we cannot but wish for one more volume which should bring the story of our literature from the earliest times to the age of Chaucer. No better introduction to the literature of the second half of the eighteenth century can be named than "The Age of Johnson," Mr. Seccombe's previous contribution to this series. Now, with the aid of a fellow-worker, he attempts a survey of Elizabethan verse and prose. A reviewer ought not to miss the opportunity of quoting, not for the first time, certain words about the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," and of remarking that their spaciousness has made a demand for two volumes instead of one. That on the Drama was especially needed; it meets a special want of the student, as no other book of like dimensions on this subject is to be found.

Both volumes are admirably planned. The survey of authors and their works is not in the dull manner of a chronicle history advancing from year to year; groups are formed with an intelligence which is an important aid to study—"The Sonneteers," "The Pastoral," "Metrical Historians," "Song-books and Lyrists," "The Verse Translators," "Critics," "Novelists," "Travellers," "Theologians," "Prose Translators," and the like. And in each section the writers show adequate knowledge. Occasional slips, of course, occur, as where it is stated that Chapman translated Homer's Odyssey "in fourteeners," or where Philemon Holland's translation of Plutarch's Morals is named as a source for Lyly's study of Education in "Euphues." But what literary history does not sometimes err? Speaking generally, we have only praise to give for an accuracy of statement which is unusual.

The reader of these volumes will not be misled by that indiscriminating enthusiasm which denies or ignores the vices or the infirmities of Elizabethan writers. Such indiscriminating enthusiasm was natural enough in days when the beauties of our elder authors were rediscovered; but the time has come when it is right and natural to make distinctions. It is possible that Mr. Seccombe felt himself more at ease on the broad plateau of eighteenth century literature than among the amazing heights and the antres vast and deserts idle of the Elizabethans. Possibly he and his capable coadjutor could have economised some of their just censures by a general treatment of certain Elizabethan literary errors and offences. But it is certainly just and wise to forewarn the student that the average Elizabethan sonnet, the average Elizabethan play, is not a work of high artistic value. As to the sonnet, perhaps its remoteness from reality, its conventional character, are here insisted on overmuch. What has been inspired by veritable feeling may under certain conditions assume highly conventional forms. It is not unlikely that young gentlemen in Elizabeth's days sometimes fell in love; but when they came to celebrate their passions in sonnet-form, they often wrote wire-drawn imitations of the masters, or even found it convenient to convey a poem from Desportes. Each of the greater sonnet-sequences—Sidney's, Spenser's, Shakespeare's, Drummond's (nor need I exclude Drayton's)—was, I am convinced, connected with real joys and griefs, and each expresses, through imagery that was often conventional, genuine feelings of the writer. Many of the cruel shepherdesses of Elizabethan lyrics were, I do not doubt, veritable English maidens; their pastoral habits and their hearts of flint were required by the rigour of the convention.

Nearly one hundred pages in the second of these volumes are devoted to Shakespeare, and they form a valuable introduction to Shakespearian study. Some of the judgments pronounced on Bacon are perhaps too unqualified in their severity. Mr. Abbott's work on Bacon is commended, but the happy subtlety of Mr. Abbott's view of Bacon's character is not here always preserved. The characterisation of Donne is admirable and original. A reference to Westcott's book on the history of the English Bible is needed, I think, on page 219 of vol. i. Taken as a whole, these two volumes may be ranked among the best informed and most useful introductions to the literature of that great period with which they deal.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

* "The Age of Shakespeare (1579—1631)." By Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen. Vol. I., Poetry and Prose. Vol. II., Drama. 3s. 6d. each. (George Bell and Sons.)

DAVID HUME AND HIS INFLUENCE ON PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.*

This volume, dealing with a very remarkable "world's epoch-maker," is a very worthy companion of the other volumes of the series to which it belongs. After a few introductory pages explanatory of Hume's aims and ambitions

* "David Hume and his Influence on Philosophy and Theology." By James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor of Apologetics and Systematic Theology, United Free Church, Glasgow. 3s. (T. and T. Clark.)

as philosopher and man of letters, the story of his life is given with lucidity in Chapters I.-IV.; and the remainder of the book—occupying seven chapters—is devoted to his philosophy and his various literary writings. The handling of the topics follows a natural order, beginning with Hume's relation to his predecessors, proceeding thence to his treatment of the first principles of knowledge, thence, through the various metaphysical problems (cause and effect, substance, etc.), to his ethical philosophy, thence to his theological positions, completing all by a brief account of his political economy and his History of England. The time has long gone past for an indiscriminate condemnation of Hume and his philosophy; and so Professor Orr, although antagonistic to Hume's fundamental principles, and still more perhaps to the spirit of his philosophy, does not write as a mere critic, but expounds the Humean system with impartiality, showing an appreciation of Hume's merits and appraising his work in a judicial fashion. As the writer's main object is to determine Hume's influence on subsequent thought—philosophical and theological—it is necessary to bring the various parts of Hume's philosophy into immediate relation with the great thinkers whose systems have been affected by them. For this end, he keeps specially in view certain representative authors and schools. "Kant has been chosen as representing the critical-rational standpoint—the more that he acknowledges his direct awakening by Hume; Reid and Hamilton (in part Brown) represent the Scottish school; J. S. Mill and Mr. Bain are selected as prominent Associationalists; Mr. Spencer stands for himself; Wundt and Professor W. James are taken as types of the physiological psychology of the newer period. Mr. J. S. Mill is called upon also to do duty for utilitarianism in morals. Mr. Green may be held to represent idealism." In this way, clearness of exposition is secured, a convenient means of appraising Hume's influence is obtained, and the reader is made to feel the meaning of the continuity of philosophical thought and the significance of modern developments.

DR. JOHNSON.

After the Portrait painted by Miss Frances Reynolds in 1783.

In a letter to Mrs. Thrale Johnson wrote: "Yesterday I sat for my picture to Miss Reynolds, perhaps for the tenth time, and I sat near three hours with the patience of *mortal born to bear*; at last she declared it quite finished, and seems to think it fine." Much as Johnson admired Miss Reynolds's talents, however, he did not compliment her on the painting; but, when finished, told her it was "Johnson's grimly ghost."

Of Professor Orr's account of Hume's life, not much need be said. Within the prescribed limits of space, it is perfectly adequate. Only two remarks occur. No doubt Hume longed for fame, and was eager to throw himself upon the judgment of the future when the present failed to do him justice. But there is no need to advert to this again and again, as Professor Orr does, as though there was something very reprehensible about it. Surely, if Hume was conscious (as a great genius very well may be) of his own exceptional gifts and of the significance of his thinking, and if he had to live not only without the general sympathy of his fellows but amidst much obloquy and hatred, it were churlish and unreasonable to grudge him the consolation of conceiving himself as appreciated and lauded by posterity—all the more so as posterity has done the very thing that he anticipated. The other remark is, that the moralizing on the happiness of Hume's death is hardly in place in a book of this kind: it might very well be omitted.

For Professor Orr's handling of Hume's intellectual philosophy we have little but appreciation. The exposition is careful and luminous; the criticisms are vigorous and, in the main, just; and a very clear idea is given of the relation of Hume, not only to his predecessors Locke and Berkeley, but to Kant and to the modern British philosophers. Particularly effective is his treatment of Hume's doctrine of Causality. We are not sure, however, that he does not occasionally take Hume too seriously. We must never forget that Hume was essentially a dialectician and a special pleader, and that his great delight was to expose the inconsistencies of the current philosophic thinking—its inability to support its conclusions by its own premisses. "The prince of agnostics," as Huxley calls him, had also in him a bit of the wag. We should, further, have liked to see Professor Orr more explicit on the doctrine of external perception. On page 164, he lays down three propositions, which he takes to represent positions that can never finally be extruded from philosophy. "The first, which is the truth of *idealism*, is that the universe, however construed, can never be divorced from *intelligence* or *thought*. . . . The second, which is the truth of *realism*, is that the universe, whatever it may be, is something *actual* and *independent* of man's individual consciousness. . . . The third, which is the truth of *relativity*, is that the universe we know is yet known to us under the *conditions* and *limitations* that belong to human consciousness, and arrayed in the sense-clothing that such consciousness gives it." But how these three propositions solve the problem is what one wishes to see distinctly explained. Is there a real answer to Hume here? or have we simply the original problem restated?

The chapter on Hume's Utilitarianism is satisfactory, so far as it goes; but its brevity tells against it, and a wider reference to modern utilitarians (Dr. Bain and Sidgwick, for example) would have improved it.

Where, to our thinking, Professor Orr is least felicitous is in his handling of Hume's theistic reasonings. He forgets that Kant, to whom he frequently appeals for aid in other connexions, is very much in the same category with Hume here, and that a great many of the strongest defenders of theism at the present day accept the substance of Hume's argument in relation to the cosmological and the teleological proofs. There is a lack of generosity in ascribing every one of Hume's utterances in favour of theism to "sarcasm," and

DR. JOHNSON'S PEW IN THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.

Dr. Johnson's favourite place of worship was St. Clement Danes, where he was well known. His seat was in pew No. 18, North Gallery, now distinguished by an inscribed brass plate placed there in 1851 by some of the parishioners. On the 9th of April, 1773, a Good Friday, Boswell accompanied him to two services. "He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behaviour was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout."

DR. JOHNSON AT THE MITRE TAVERN WITH GOLDSMITH AND BOSWELL.

The Mitre Tavern was situated in Mitre Court, Fleet Street, and here Johnson used to drink his bottle of port and keep late hours.

"My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday, the 1st of July (1763), when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped together at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school."—Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

allowing only his adverse criticisms to be sincere. It is unwise, too, to refuse to acknowledge what truths there may be in an opponent's position. At any rate, it is now pretty generally agreed that the strongest mode of defending theism is to lay the foundation of it in human nature, so that its best support comes to be psychology. Professor Orr appears to us to have some distrust of psychology. Why, if theism be a necessity of human nature—testified to not only by one part of it but by the whole, not only by the reason but by the emotions and the will (feeling and conscience) as well—what surer ground do you either require or desire? And that is the position to which we have been driven very much through perception of the weakness in the old form of presenting the theistic position brought about by Hume's criticism. On the other hand, though not fully satisfied with Professor Orr's handling of Hume's natural theology, we are quite at one with him in his treatment of Hume's attack on miracles. There Hume fell into two glaring fallacies—irrelevance and begging the question: he misconceived the nature of a miracle (representing it as a "violation" or "suspension" of the laws of nature), and he assumed the point in dispute in the definition that he gave of experience ("firm and unalterable"), and in the view he took of human testimony.

The concluding chapter of the volume, dealing with Hume as a political economist and as an historian, is, within its limits, admirable.

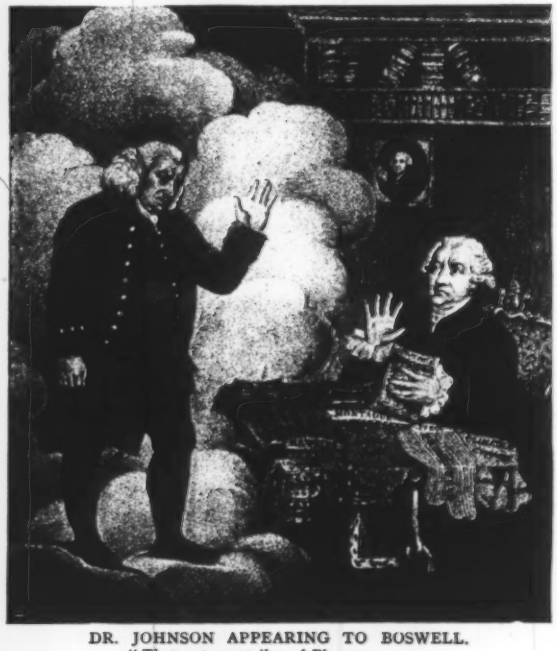
To the book are added an interesting Appendix, on some editions of Hume's works, and a serviceable Index.

WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON.

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.*

This beautiful book is a splendid apotheosis of the three neat volumes in post octavo, with a characteristic portrait at the head of each, so well remembered and so much prized by those whose acquaintance with modern literature was formed about the middle of last century. They well deserve their promotion to the dignity of an illustrated and a library edition, for they are among the best examples of the interesting but perilous class of literature to which they belong. The entertainment and instruction which even the least satisfactory autobiographies usually convey to the reader is frequently qualified by the mischief which they do to the author himself, either from too damaging a sincerity, or from an insincerity too painfully transparent. The experiment of autobiography must have seemed particularly dangerous in Leigh Hunt's case, for his foibles are precisely those which lay the narrative of his own life most open to criticism. But, fortunately as it proved, his especial failings had been patent all his life, and the public had nothing to learn about them except that they had been much exaggerated. He had, in fact, already rehearsed autobiography in his unfortunate book about Byron, where circumstances had compelled him to exhibit himself in the most disadvantageous light of which his amiable nature admitted. In the autobiography of 1850 he is entirely himself, and if vanity and want of dignity are unquestionably features in the portrait, they are far more than redeemed by the candour, courtesy, loyalty, fidelity to conviction and genuine philanthropy which command the affection due to the good, even if they fail to extort the veneration due to the great. The character depicted is, moreover, a very exceptional one, interesting and problematical alike in its strength and its weakness, and one to which it would be no easy matter to present a close parallel. Although certainly too long in parts, especially in the earlier reminiscences, the book preserves a freshness and vitality surprising after half a century, and is crowded with interesting figures.

This edition is printed in a bold, black, massive type, and is adorned with a number of beautifully engraved portraits, most noticeably a series of Leigh Hunt himself, which exhibit none of the discrepancies sometimes so puzzling in portraits of eminent men by various hands. Keats might be cited as an example, only that the grand portrait of him here reproduced from "Lord



DR. JOHNSON APPEARING TO BOSWELL.

"Thou art a retailer of Phrases,
And dost deal in Remnants of Remnants,
Like a Maker of Pincushions."
—Congreve's "Way of the World."

"Boswell must have suffered rather acutely from the pasquinades, pictures, caricatures, which were literally showered on the town. One of these is called 'Johnson's Ghost,' and depicts the lexicographer appearing to the frightened Boswell, and mournfully reproaching him."—Fitzgerald's "Life of James Boswell."

* "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt." With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries, and with Thornton Hunt's Introduction and Postscript. Newly edited by Roger Ingpen. Illustrated with Portraits. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Constable and Co.)

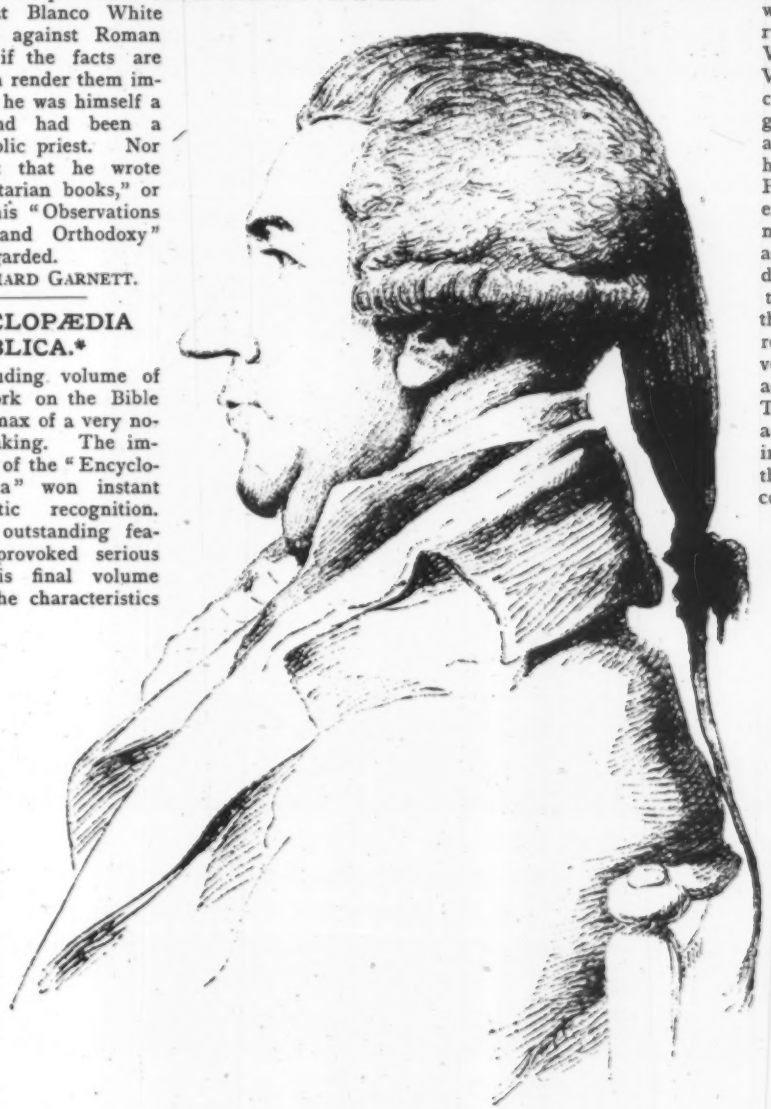
Byron and his Contemporaries," the very ideal for the author of "Hyperion," is executed by the same Severn who painted the very different portrait usually engraved, less impressive, but probably the more accurate likeness. A full bibliography of Leigh Hunt's writings, following Mr. Ireland's, is a valuable appendage, as indeed are all the papers printed in the appendix. The biographical notes on persons mentioned in the text are useful and indeed indispensable, but should have been fuller. That on Barron Field, for example, omits his special claim to celebrity as the father of Australian literature, the first Australian poet, and the first man who printed a book in Australia. It is useless to state that Blanco White wrote books against Roman Catholicism if the facts are omitted which render them important, that he was himself a Spaniard, and had been a Roman Catholic priest. Nor is it correct that he wrote "several Unitarian books," or any, unless his "Observations on Heresy and Orthodoxy" may be so regarded.

RICHARD GARNETT.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA.*

The concluding volume of this great work on the Bible forms the climax of a very notable undertaking. The immense merits of the "Encyclopædia Biblica" won instant and emphatic recognition. Some of its outstanding features have provoked serious protest. This final volume accentuates the characteristics of its predecessors. *Finis coronat opus*, in more senses than one. It may be said frankly, and without offence, that the dominant note of the whole has been set by its senior editor, Prof. Cheyne has dedicated rare learning, ingenuity, and insight to the study of the Scriptures, and his services to Hebrew scholarship are gratefully recognised by all those who are most competent to judge. The Encyclopædia itself forms a monument to his versatile erudition which pervades each successive volume more and more completely, until it becomes difficult to guess how much of Vol. IV. he has not written, or corrected, or inspired. Yet it must also be confessed that his own contributions—at least as far as concerns the Old Testament—are precisely those which will provoke most hostile attack, and cause the judicious friends of criticism to grieve that its enemies should have such occasion to blaspheme. In Vol. II., and still more in Vol. III., Prof. Cheyne developed the thesis which appears also in his "Critica Biblica," and which may be roughly summarised as follows:—(i.) The Masoretic text of the Old Testament is widely corrupt—especially in its names; (ii.) it can be corrected, so as to remodel much of the history; and (iii.) the key to its true emendation is bound up with the name Jerahmeel. We observe that in Vol. II. only twenty-three names were given as probable corruptions of Jerahmeel. In Vol. III., and still more in Vol. IV., we are bidden to recognise this name in disguises by the hundred. In almost every other article we have sight of it, like old Proteus, rising from the sea, either in the text or the footnotes. Prof. Cheyne's rule appears to be, "Whenever in doubt, read Jerahmeel," and the history turns into clay in the hands of its daring corrector. Through this last volume the theory runs riot in a fashion almost past belief. The following list gives only a few examples of the names into which Vol. IV. tells us that Jerahmeel has been corrupted, or perverted, or glossed, or "worn down":—Horeb, Hermon, Carmel, Hor, Gilboa, Chebar, Hiddikel, Havilah, Ekron, Ariel, Zareppath, Jericho, Gilgal, Mahanaim, Tamar, Abigail, Rachel, Ruth, Joel, Rekim, Remaliah, Aram, Ephraim, Rehoboam, Jerubbaal, Shamgar, Jabin, Lamech, Hiram, Gomer, Melchishua, Ethbaal, Ishbosheth, Phineas; "Jabal and Jubal, like Abel, are perhaps also most naturally viewed as corruptions of the widely-spread ethnic name Jerahmeel"; Elimelech, Mahlon, and Chilion, again, are all "no doubt names derived from the great ethnic name Jerahmeel" which is also synonymous with Ishmael, and with Ashhur; while Jerahmeelites are equivalent to Ammonites and to Amorites and to Amalekites. After this we are prepared to discover that Abraham=Ab-Jerahmeel, and Bethlehem=Beth-jerahmeel. Finally we learn that Adam and Eve "have probably arisen out of Jerahmeel and Jerahmeelith," and Genesis iv. 25 "will then become, 'And Jerahmeel knew his wife, and she bore a son, etc.'" (Vol. IV., column 4,410). There is something almost tragic about such a conclusion. One need not be a Hebraist to understand that if Prof. Cheyne's nightmare were only half true, the Bible would become a book about which nobody need any longer concern himself to write, or to purchase, encyclopædias.

Happily we find a certain amount of antidote to Jerah-



JAMES BOSWELL.

From an original Sketch by George Dance.

"He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson."—Description by Miss Burney.

*"Encyclopædia Biblica." Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford and Canon of Rochester, and J. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D., formerly Assistant Editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. IV., Q to Z. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

meel within the covers of Vol. IV. It cannot be mere accident that a sober and serious scholar like Mr. F. C. Burkitt ends his article on "Text and Versions"—a mine of condensed information—with the following paragraph:—"In concluding an article of any length on the textual criticism of the Bible it is always wholesome to remind oneself of the comparative soundness of the text. That there are blots, especially in the O.T., some of them probably irremovable, must be admitted; but they are not enough seriously to obscure the main features of the narratives related or the ideas expressed. So far as the Pentateuch is concerned, we may be especially at our ease. It would have been impossible to separate the documents with the minuteness which modern scholarship has found possible if the text had been much confused by scribal errors. And with regard to the Prophets, though their works are less accurately preserved than the Pentateuch, we can be sure that textual corruption never improves the style or the thought. The fact that so much of the Prophetical Books is—judged by any standard—of the first rank as literature, is the strongest proof that they have not been utterly disfigured in transmission."

'Tis pity that so much sound and solid work elsewhere in this volume should suffer eclipse from Jerahmeel. We have no space left to do more than mention some examples—such as Dr. George Adam Smith's elaborate and illuminating article on "Trade and Commerce" (26 pp.); Prof. Bennett's account of "Strangers and Sojourners"; Mr. J. L. Myers on "Precious Stones"; and Dr. Erbt's article on "Tobit," full of curious lore. The Encyclopædia is nothing if not up to date. The writers delight to quote all the most recent reviews and pamphlets hot from the press. Prof. Toy even contributes three pages on "Sirach" to this volume, which summarise the important work done on the Hebrew text since the article on "Ecclesiasticus" was written in March, 1900.

Concerning the New Testament articles, it must suffice to say that, on the whole, they maintain the critical position of the earlier volumes, though not without some alleviations. Dr. James Moffatt contributes articles on Timothy and on the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, all three of which he classes as "sub-Pauline," recognising, however, genuine fragments embedded in 2 Timothy. Dr. Moffatt is also responsible for a very able and luminous analysis of the Sermon on the Mount, in its two forms. Prof. Schmiedel, of Zurich, who was a leading contributor in previous volumes, writes elaborately on "Simon Magus," and also devotes thirty-three pages of exhaustive research to "Simon Peter," who, he declares decidedly, never visited Rome at all. His most important article, however, deals at length with "Resurrection and Ascension Narratives," and displays a very notable hesitancy and reserve in enforcing its own conclusions. "The most that can be claimed is that it proves the possibility—the probability if you will—of the explanation from subjective visions." Prof. Schmiedel manifestly shrinks from affirming that the faith which created the Christian Church had no more solid foundation.

Prof. van Manen, of Leyden, who writes on Romans, stands almost alone among present-day scholars in assigning the whole of the Pauline epistles to a school of early Christian writers in the second century. Prof. Schmiedel has dealt sufficiently with this paradox in his article on Galatians, and elsewhere in earlier volumes of the Encyclopædia. Yet it is quaint to hear Prof. van Manen complaining through nearly a whole page because even advanced critics will not seriously set themselves to prove that St. Paul ever wrote a single epistle. Our Baconian experts make the same kind of complaint because no one will rise up and take pains to demonstrate that Shakespeare ever wrote a single play.

The extreme critical standpoint in regard to the New Testament is painfully illustrated by two articles on "Son of God" and "Son of Man," by Prof. N. Schmidt, of Cornell University. Their conclusion is briefly that our Lord never called Himself "Son of Man" in any Messianic sense, while "Son of God" is a title which "He did not claim and probably could not have understood." Hardly less crude is the dogmatism of Mr. M. A. Canney, who remarks (on column 5,273), "Almost anything might be implied (or read into) the New Testament," and draws the inference that neither Baptism nor the Eucharist was instituted by Christ: they were both "taken over" by the Church "from the Pagans."

The completed Encyclopædia Biblica will remain a vast and wonderful storehouse of Biblical learning, harvested and garnered with brilliant ability. Yet its pages are so marred by perverse and extravagant judgments that few besides experts can feel qualified to use it judiciously. T. H. DARLOW.

DR. JOHNSON.

Etched by P. S. Lamborn from an original Drawing.

"The great bushy wig, which throughout his life he affected to wear, by that closeness of texture which it had contracted and been suffered to retai was ever nearly as impenetrable by a comb as a quickset hedge; and little of the dust that had once settled on his outer garments was ever known to have been disturbed by the brush. In short, his garb and the whole of his external appearance was, not to say negligent, but slovenly, and even squalid; to all which, and the necessary consequences of it, he appeared as insensible as if he had been nurtured at the Cape of Good Hope: he saw that, notwithstanding these offensive peculiarities in his manner, his conversation had great attractions, and perhaps he might estimate the strength of the one y the degree of the other, and thence derive that apathy, which, after all, might have its foundation in pride, and afforded him occasion for a triumph over all the solicitudes respecting dress."—Hawkins's "Life of Johnson."

THE POETICAL TEMPERAMENT.*

A certain order of mind, the ill-balanced order of mind to which Arthur Stirling himself belonged, is likely to derive much more harm than good from a perusal of this pitifully egotistical journal. Wherefore one would fain see printed on its flyleaf, as a sort of wholesome corrective, this passage from "The Way of all Flesh," the just-published posthumous novel of Mr. Samuel Butler:—"She did not know, poor woman, that the true greatness wears an invisible cloak, under cover of which it goes in and out among men without being suspected; if its cloak does not conceal it from itself always, and from all others for many years, its greatness will ere long shrink to very ordinary dimensions."

* "The Journal of Arthur Stirling." 6s. (Heinemann.)

In his own conceit of himself Arthur Stirling was much too large a young man to be concealed under a cloak of any sort; his two convictions were that he was a great poet, and had written a great poem. Briefly, here is the story of his journal: He is writing a blank verse tragedy called "The Captive," and records herein the progress of that work, his increasingly ecstatic admiration of it and of his own genius, the poor circumstances in which he lived and by what means he earned his livelihood. When the tragedy is finished, he tells of how from time to time he read and re-read it, and the more he read it the more marvellous he thought it. "Prometheus Bound, Prometheus Unbound, and Samson Agonistes!" he writes. "And now there will be a fourth. It will be The Captive." But no publisher will accept this immortal work; and after nine of them have rejected it, Arthur Stirling packs up his tragedy and this journal, and, having posted them to a friend, drowns himself in the Hudson River.

We are not persuaded that his suicide really occurred. It is recorded in the preface by an editor who signs himself "S.," who is endowed with something of Stirling's ejaculatory, hysterical style as well as with his initial, and who mentions that he was Stirling's only friend, though no reference is made to him in the journal. Nevertheless, whether it is entirely genuine or not, the "Journal" does represent with almost cruel faithfulness a very plentiful literary type: the young man who having a poetical temperament (which is common) is foolish enough to imagine he is possessed of poetical genius (which is exceedingly rare). "I am an artist," he raves; when had he been such, he would have been as little self-conscious of it as a healthy man is of his health. "Arthur Stirling was a man lost in his art," writes his editor; when it is obvious here on every page that it was himself he was absorbed in, and not his art. He lays bare all his own inmost qualities, and manliness is never one of them, his notion being, apparently, that he can be a great poet without being a great man. He boasts, and whimpers, and rages hysterically till, at last, one can only feel disgust for him, or such pity as must be felt for a puling, sickly, and unreasoning child.

In a word, these pages realistically body forth an average specimen of that numerous tribe of youthful versifiers who pose, and fuss over themselves with such ridiculous self-complacency that they bring the very name of poet into contempt, and, if they were not such a God-send to the comic papers, could serve no conceivable purpose in this world or in any other.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

DR. JOHNSON.
From the Painting by James Barry about 1781.

"Dr. Johnson's face was composed of large coarse features, which, from a studious turn, when composed looked sluggish, yet awful and contemplative. He had likewise nearly lost the sight o one of his eyes, which made him *course* every object he looked at in so singular a manner, as often to create pity, sometimes laughter. His face, however, was capable of great expression, both in respect to *intelligence* and *mildness*, as all those can witness who have seen him in the glow of conversation, or under the influence of grateful feelings."—Anecdotes published by G. Kearsley.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.*

The new and complete edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb, which has engaged the attention of Mr. E. V. Lucas for some years, has been eagerly awaited by the public generally, and especially by those who are familiar with Mr. Lucas's valuable contributions to the study of the essayist. The first volume of this very handsomely produced edition has just been published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and it proves Mr. Lucas eminently fitted for the work he has undertaken, which is saying a good deal when one realises what an extremely heavy task is that of producing an edition of Lamb worthy to meet the requirements of to-day. Although Charles Lamb was acknowledged by his contemporaries as entitled to the highest rank as a writer, his work is too literary to have attained popularity in the generally accepted sense of the term. His public reputation, however, has been steadily widening year by year, and the position that he now occupies among the few greatest names in English literature is unquestioned, and among the essayists, unrivalled. But if anything can assist the public to an intelligent appreciation of Lamb's works, Mr. Lucas's edition should effect that purpose.

In the past there have been many editors of Lamb's writings whose labours were doubtless acceptable in their time. Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd was the earliest, but he devoted himself entirely to the correspondence; beginning with a selection of the Letters, he concluded his story of Lamb's life with a volume entitled "Final Memorials": two books which, if viewed in the light of our present estimate of Lamb, are inadequate. Mary Lamb was still alive when the first of these works was published, and while she lived it was impossible to publish certain passages in the letters alluding to her infirmity. That many of the letters were imperfectly printed, that others were pieced together without any indication of the fact, and that little attempt was made to arrive at correct dates, are some of the objections to Talfourd's work. But it is impossible to doubt that he believed he was faithfully fulfilling the duty of an executor, or to deny that the difficulties with which he had to contend were considerable. Each successive editor has striven to improve upon the labours of his predecessors. Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Charles Kent, Canon Ainger, have all worked in the same field with commendable zeal and devotion for their subject: the restrictions of copyright and the limits of space, however, being responsible for some of the shortcomings of the earlier editions.

It is evident from an examination of the volume now under notice that there yet remained much to be done, and there were still many essays and poems hidden away in the pages of half-forgotten periodicals awaiting the day when Mr. Lucas's divining rod should detect their existence, and bring them again into the light. Mr. Lucas has imposed upon himself a task infinitely more arduous than any of Lamb's previous editors, and he has succeeded in adding to his new edition a considerable number of essays, poems, and letters hitherto uncollected. Every one of these pieces has been reclaimed from oblivion by sheer labour: an allusion in a diary kept by one of Lamb's friends, or a stray reference in a letter, having sometimes led to a valuable discovery. But the mention of this new material, important as it is, does not by any means exhaust the many excellent features of Mr. Lucas's edition. The pages upon which the text is printed are absolutely free from footnotes of any kind, but in an ap-

* "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. I., Miscellaneous Prose, 1798-1834. 7s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

THE MITRE TAVERN.

From an old Wood Engraving.

'One of the greatest haunts of Johnson was the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street. He seems, in 1763, when Boswell knew him, to have been perpetually there. . . One cannot but smile now, in that doleful, silent tavern, where no pots rattle, or busy waiters scream down kitchen speaking tubes, to think of the almost deifying reverence with which that clever simpleton Boswell speaks of it. He says, 'The orthodox high church sound of the Mitre, the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced.' "—"All the Year Round," 1859.

pendix to the volume a large body of the most valuable notes are given. These notes are distinguished for the complete grasp that they show of the great variety of subjects treated of by Lamb, and for the admirable conciseness with which they elucidate every point or allusion that requires annotation. Moreover, they are most interesting reading apart from the text, many of them being veritable disquisitions in miniature. The source of each essay is cited, and when reprinted the periodical in which it originally appeared is given, with the precise signature, of which Lamb had such a variety. Lamb's numerous quotations are also verified, which alone must have been a very heavy task. This first volume contains the miscellaneous prose, "Rosamund Gray," and all the essays except "Elia" and the "Last Essays of Elia," which will comprise the second volume. Apart from nine essays of doubtful authenticity in the appendix, this volume contains no less than eighteen new essays that "are now publicly identified as Lamb's for the first time," and eight "now included in a complete edition of Lamb's works for the first time," making a total of twenty-six new articles, many of which are in Lamb's best style. To those who love their Elia this announcement will prove irresistible. How admirable is the sketch of Tom Pry, one of the newly discovered series of Lepus Papers, the following extract will show:—

"My friend Tom Pry is a kind, warm-hearted fellow, with no one failing in the world but an excess of the passion of *curiosity*. He knows everybody's name, face, and domestic affairs. He scents out a match three months before the parties themselves are quite agreed about it. Like the man in the play. *homo est* and no human interest escapes him. I have sometimes wondered how he gets all his information. Mere inquisitiveness would not do his business. Certainly the bodily make has much to do with the character. The auricular organs in my friend Tom do not lie flapping against his head as with common mortals, but they perk up like those of a hare at form. The lowest sound cannot elude him. Every parlour and drawing-room is to him a whispering gallery. His own name, pronounced in the utmost compression of susurration, they say, he catches at a quarter furlong interval. I suspect sometimes that the faculty of hearing with him is analogous to the scent in some animals. He seems hung round with ears, like the pagan emblem of Fame, and to imbibe sounds at every pore. You cannot take a walk of business or pleasure, but you are taxed with it by him the next morning, with some shrewd guess at the purpose of it. You dread him as you would an inquisitor, or the ubiquitarian power of the old Secret Tribunal. He is the bird of the air, who sees the matter. He has lodgings at a corner house, which looks out four ways: and though you go a roundabout way to evade his investigation, you are somehow seen notwithstanding. He sees at multiplied angles. He is a sort of second memory to all his friends, an excellent refresher to a dull or oblivious conscience; for he can repeat to you at any given time all that you have ever done in your life. He should have been a death-bed confessor. His appetite for information is omnivorous. To get at the *name* of a stranger whom he passes in the street, he counts a God-send; what further he can pick up is a luxury."

The books for children, with all the original illustrations, will occupy the third volume, "The Dramatic Specimens" and the "Garrick Plays" (hitherto not included in any collected edition of Lamb's works) will form the fourth volume, while the fifth will contain the plays and poems, and the sixth and seventh the letters. The editor says in his General Introduction that "the essays and poems hitherto unidentified or collected amount to some sixty pages in all." And as regards the pictures, "that this must not be considered an illustrated edition of Lamb. Such illustrations as there are, in addition to frontispieces and facsimile title-pages, have been placed among the notes, and should be looked upon as notes. They occur only where necessary: that is, when, as in the essay on Hogarth, the text seems to require them." Mr. Lucas refers to some essays that he has not yet been able to trace, and the prospectus says that "Owing to the anomalies of the law of copyright, no edition of Lamb's correspondence can be complete until many years have passed by, but Mr. Lucas's edition will be unique in several points, and it will print in full, for the first time, between 50 and 100 new letters. Mr. Lucas has, wherever possible, printed from the original MS." From the above slight sketch of the attractions of this new edition it is safe to conclude that it will undoubtedly come to be regarded as the *édition définitive* of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb.

ROGER INGPEN.

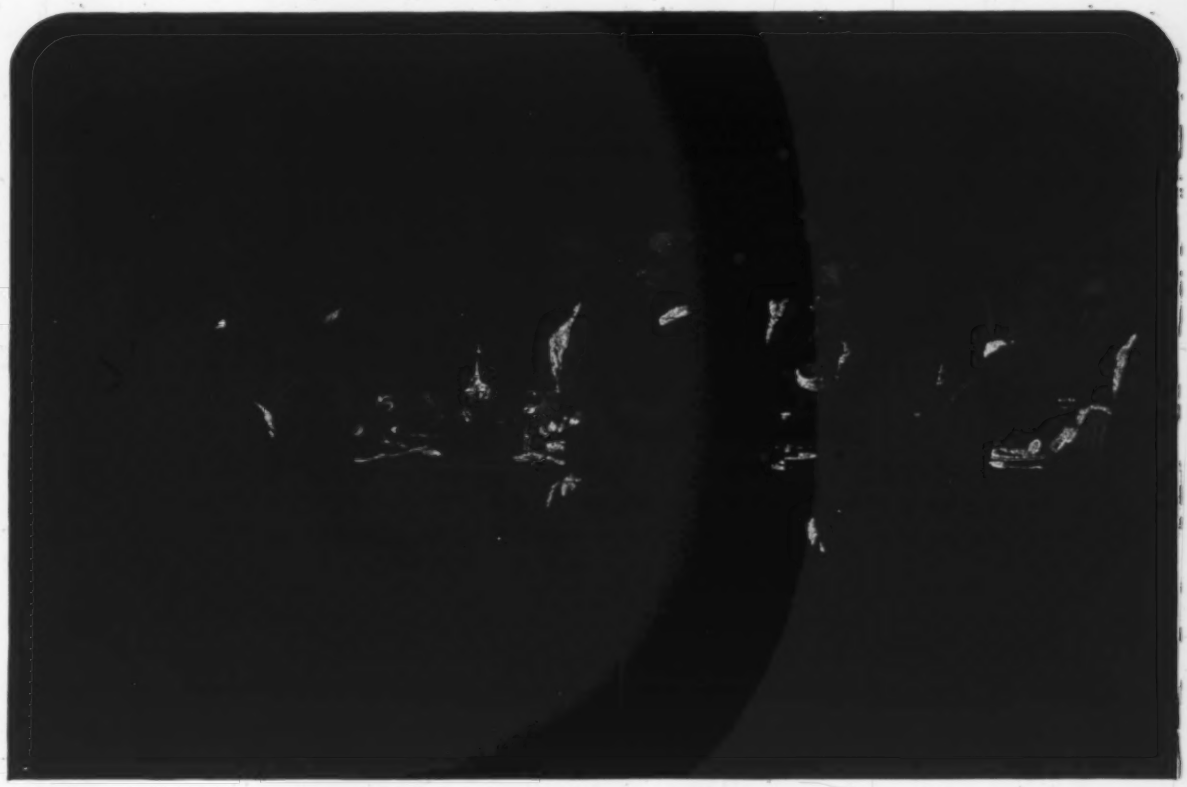
THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE "ESSEX HEAD CLUB" WAS HELD.

"The great Dr. Johnson had, in the month of December, 1783, formed a sixpenny club, at an ale-house in Essex Street, and that, though some of the members thereof were persons of note, strangers, under restrictions, for threepence each night, might, three nights in a week, hear him talk, and partake of his conversation."—Hawkins's "Life of Johnson."

SOME PROBLEMS OF THE POPISH PLOT.*

As material contributed towards the solution of a perplexed inquiry, Mr. Pollock's volume deserves to be carefully gone over. It is written with clearness, if not with any remarkable qualities of style or presentation; it contains various original documents; it has a full index of authors, and a telling summary of events from Titus Oates's "conversion" to the Roman Church on Ash Wednesday, 1677, down to Archbishop Plunket's execution on July 1, 1681. When Mr. Pollock began his researches in the Popish Plot, Lord Acton wrote to him: "There are three quite unravelled

*"The Popish Plot: A Study in the History of the Reign of Charles II." By John Pollock, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 10s. net. (Duckworth and Co.)



Boswell. Johnson. Reynolds. Garrick. Burke. Burney. Warton. Goldsmith.

DR. JOHNSON DINING AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

From a Painting by James Doyle.

"His table was frequented by men of the first talents, who met with mutual complacence and good-humour. Politics and party were never introduced. Literary subjects were discussed with good sense, taste, and fancy, without pedantic, tiresome dissertations. Wit and humour occasionally enlivened the festive board; but story-telling, premeditated *bon-mots*, and studied witticisms, were not tolerated for a moment.

"There was something singular in the style and economy of his table, that contributed to pleasantry and good-humour; a coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to order and arrangement. A table, prepared for seven or eight, was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen.

"At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour, perhaps for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humour by this invidious distinction."—John Courtenay, Biographical Sketch.

mysteries: what was going on between Coleman and Père la Chaise; how Oates got hold of the wrong story; and who killed Godfrey." The pages before us are an attempt to elucidate, or even to answer, these questions.

Is the attempt a success? Does it add anything of substance to what Lingard knew and Macaulay has pictured with incisive strokes? On the whole, I think not. Much that is vivid in detail we certainly do get, which the grateful reader will find fresh and entertaining. Some light is thrown on Charles II. as a statesman, which brings out his character as not simply the pleasure-seeker we know and despise. The "Green Ribbon Club" will henceforth appear in popular narratives as the promotor in chief of "Pope Burnings" and a power in the land. On judicial procedure, a subject to which I shall return, Mr. Pollock is enlightening, and endeavours to be impartial. But, except in one or other slight correction, I am unable to perceive that he is more accurate than Macaulay, while as regards the general effect, I feel sure that his drawing is out of line. The position I should myself take up is a simple one. In the historical and judicial sense, there was no Popish Plot, nothing but the tissue of falsehoods woven by Oates, Bedloe, and their accomplices. That, apart from this, some Catholics had schemed to influence Charles II. that he might issue a declaration of indulgence, or contemplated bribing persons in power to obtain a dissolution of Parliament, may be fully established. But such intrigues were utterly distinct from plots to murder the King, to subvert the Constitution by violence, or to do anything which can fairly be termed treasonable. From all which it follows that, with the possible exception of Edward Coleman, the Catholics executed on this account were unjustly put to death, and were victims, not in any degree criminal.

For his less favourable contention Mr. Pollock cannot find one scrap of evidence. Nothing can be more vague and weak than his inferences on p. 66. from the hopes of the Jesuits, or from Lord Stafford's harmless talk on p. 65; while even against Coleman there is not a word to indicate that he dreamt of having any one murdered by way of forwarding his designs. Mr. Pollock has shown himself admirably acquainted with the nature of evidence: I ask him, then, in what court of law would the "straws" which he blows into the air be taken as pieces of conviction? He quite gives up Oates; he is careful not to lean upon Bedloe (whom he acknowledges to be a perjured scoundrel) in more than one point; and if he will look steadily at the documents he must admit that with murder, violence, or invasion by armed force, the Jesuits were not concerned and did not meddle. There is absolutely not a line to connect them or their "intrigues" with Oates's monstrous fictions. Of course they wanted to "subvert" the Protestant religion in England; they could not but aim, as did Père la Colombière, at spreading the Catholic faith. But by what means? By argument, influence, example? Or by force of arms and assassination? That is the difference to be kept in view, but it is one which the tone of this volume undoubtedly tends to confuse if not to obliterate.

And so, when we come to the unsolved problem of Sir E. Godfrey's death, we find Mr. Pollock tesselating an account from two informers, Prance and Bedloe, both notorious liars, and Prance a self-convicted perjurer; yet it is in reliance on them that he charges three Jesuits, Walsh, Pritchard, and Le Fevre, with having directed or actually carried out this murder at Somerset House. Three Jesuits, it would appear, seized and strangled Godfrey, or at least helped others to do so, and were active accomplices while the deed was wrought. It is an old charge against some Jesuit authors that they have approved of regicide; and against some Jesuit confessors that would-be king-killers went to them for absolution. But I can scarcely call to mind any other case in which Jesuit priests have been depicted as the actual murderers. The accusation is a rare one; more learned persons will in-

TEMPLE BAR IN THE TIME OF DR. JOHNSON.

"There is no ghost, among all the ghosts haunting London, that we oftener meet at night just by the black, mud-splashed arch of Temple Bar, than old Samuel Johnson's.

"When the sooty orifice that cabs and omnibuses are all day threading, is visited at the small hours by lurid glimpses of the Fleet Street moon; when St. Clement's clock is striking, we will not say what, and white as snow shines the pointing hands of James the First from his niche above the ebon gateway; and when the prim fish-headed statue of Queen Elizabeth on the Temple side, is dark in shadow as a female mute; then I meet my burly ghost with the little shrivelled scorched wig and the linked ruffles."—"All the Year Round," 1859.

DR. JOHNSON IN HIS TRAVELLING DRESS, AS DESCRIBED IN BOSWELL'S "TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES."

"He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair-buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great-coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio *Dictionary;* and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick." "I could not persuade him," continues Boswell, when the stick was subsequently lost. "out of a suspicion that it had been stolen. 'No, no, my friend,' said he; 'it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it. Consider, sir, the value of such a *piece of timber* here!'"

form us whether it is not unique—I mean outside the borders of what is admittedly Protestant fiction. And I do not believe it. If these three were Jesuits, they knew that the law of their Church forbids under sternest penalties any priest from taking part in a judgment of blood; much more does it forbid clerics to carry it out with their own hands. Did Mr. Pollock understand what the Canon Law means by "irregularity," and what the clergy think of it, he would know that this way of explaining Godfrey's fate is the most unlikely he could have fixed upon.

But my space is running out. Macaulay says, "The chief judges of the realm were corrupt, cruel, and timid." To this Mr. Pollock replies by telling us in considerable detail that the judicial system encouraged or demanded cruelty; that places were the reward of compliance; and that Scroggs behaved with fairness to Sir George Wakeman—who was not a Catholic, remember—and with spirit when the popular voice cried out in consequence. *Valeat quantum:* if we look beyond words to things we shall see that Macaulay passes judgment on an abominable state of the law, and his critic merely admits it, while maintaining that judges like Scroggs did not fall below the standard of their age. We had better, it seems to me, inscribe on all histories of the Popish Plot those words in which Sir James F. Stephen really summed it up for us, speaking of Titus Oates:—"No one accustomed to weighing evidence can doubt that he and the subordinate witnesses were quite as bad and quite as false as they are usually supposed to have been. Their evidence has every mark of perjury about it. They never would tie themselves down to anything if they could possibly avoid it. As soon as they were challenged with a lie by being told that witnesses were coming to contradict them, they shuffled and drew back and began to forget." Mr. Pollock quotes and accepts all this; but as he is still haunted by the ghost of the Jesuit in English history, he cannot rid himself of the idea that possibly some shade of murderous intention, or even as regards Pritchard, Walsh, and Le Fevre, the very act, may lie at their door; and so there shall have been a Popish Plot after all. He is manifestly in good faith. But if a Jesuit should reply to his accuser with Pascal, "Mentiris impudentissime," I for one would forgive that Jesuit. WILLIAM BARRY.

SOCIAL ORIGINS.*

"It is by no means certain that some of the lowest peoples of to-day represent a moment in the main current of the stream of tendency." This is a truth which many of those who have written on the subjects dealt with in these essays have ignored, and, in consequence, the literature of this important section of Anthropology is discordant and unsatisfactory. The most savage tribes known to us, in language, custom, and culture are the products of an evolution as long continued as that of their highest contemporaries, and it is unwarrantable to assume that they are identical in these respects with primitive man.

Mr. Lang's contribution to the subject in this volume is a striking exception, in that he gives us the clearest and most coherent hypothesis yet formulated concerning the primitive family and the practices of totemism and exogamy, a hypothesis which is in all respects in accord with the body of evidence available.

On this hypothesis the earliest families were small groups, each consisting of a male and one or more females, wandering not far from their hearth circle, in an area limited by the hostility of the similarly organised groups by whom they were surrounded. How these developed so as to be associated into larger friendly groups such as those found in Australia is set forth in a plausible and intelligible manner, and the objections to other hypotheses, such as that of a primitive, promiscuous horde, are serious and cogent.

The nomenclature and definitions of terms given are of great value, precise and helpful.

The first essay, by Mr. Lang, is an introduction to and commentary on the second, which is a chapter written by Mr. Atkinson, who was long a resident on New Caledonia. Mr. Atkinson formulates what he calls the primal law, the basis of those singular and almost universal avoidances and taboos which occur among savages the most diverse. Mr.

* "Social Origins." By Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D. Primal Law. By J. J. Atkinson. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Atkinson believes that these and the other superstitions and bars to marriage are originally the outcome of jealousy. These taboos preceded the adoption of totem names, which were in general nicknames given from outside, but which were adopted and in course of time became the foundation of an edifice of myth and custom.

Mr. Lang is peculiarly happy in his exposition, and he often illustrates his text with marvellously apt but ludicrously incongruous modern instances. Altogether it is a book to be pondered over by those engaged in anthropological research. There is a good index, and sufficient references to help the reader to find the sources of all his statements. These, as far as I have checked them, are accurately given. I have noted only one mistake, viz., on page 191—Dr. Rivers' name is given as Reevers. ALEX. MACALISTER.

SOCIAL ENGLAND.*

"Social England" gives, as its preface states, a record of the progress of the English people in "Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Literature, and Manners." Each of the six volumes covers a distinct epoch of history, which is then divided into four shorter periods. To each of these periods a separate chapter is assigned, and in it the various subjects just mentioned are discussed in short sections by some specialist. Thus the present volume embraces the years 1603-1714 A.D., which are divided into four periods, ending respectively with the execution of Charles I., the Restoration, the Revolution, and the death of Anne, the history of the navy in each chapter being related by Sir W. Laird Clowes, that of agriculture by Mr. R. E. Prothero, that of literature by Prof. G. Saintsbury, and so on.

Obviously such a work is hardly adapted for continuous reading. To pass, for instance, suddenly from "the miniatures of Petitot" to "the discovery of logarithms," from "Kepler's laws of planetary motion" to "Tudor laws against witchcraft," or from the poetry of Herrick and Lovelace to the growth of "turnips, carrots, and potatoes," is too abrupt a transition. But as a book to which the student of any particular subject can refer for its history at any particular time the work is admirable, and its value seems to be recognised, for, since its publication in 1895, it has been twice reprinted in its original form. The present edition, however, differs from its predecessors in being enriched with illustrations, of which there are about 500 in each volume, many being full-page and some coloured, and Messrs. Cassell may be congratulated on producing at somewhat less than its first cost a work thus rendered at once more attractive and valuable. Here we can see the dress, manners, and life of our forefathers as they are shown in contemporary prints. Views of Birmingham, Glasgow, or St. James's Park at once make the changes in our great towns clear. After reading a discussion of Wren's architecture, Grinling Gibbons' carving, or Lely's portraits, we can study specimens of their work *oculis subjecta fidelibus* and criticise for ourselves. Soldiers and sailors, ships and battle scenes, can be contemplated at leisure. Literature presents a noble series of portraits, and those who cannot own an *editio princeps* may at least study the quaint title-pages of Hobbes' "Leviathan" and Burton's "Anatomy" accurately reproduced. Science less easily adapts itself to artistic treatment, but pictures of "Prince Henry's Astrolabe," "a set of Napier's bones," and the like, bring home to us the progress which has been made since the seventeenth century, while those to whom the "Principia" is a sealed book may still like to study its author's bust by Roubillac, though they would have been still better pleased to see an illustration of that more famous statue

> "Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

Speaking generally, it would be difficult to find a volume better adapted to serve the cause of popular education than this. It is one exactly suited for every public or "Free" library. The matter, though not perhaps to any great extent new, is still excellent; the various sections are brief, and the style of the writers is clear and lively, while the illustrations, like choice garnishing to a good dish, will whet the literary appetite of all who once have the book before them.

T. E. PAGE.

* "Social England." Vol. IV. Illustrated Edition. 14s. net. (Cassell and Co.)

No. 8, BOLT COURT,

Where Dr. Johnson lived from March, 1776, until his death in 1784.

"We know that in Bolt Court, number eight, on the right hand, opposite the Bolt-in-Tun, is where he lived for seven years, where his ghost most delights to haunt. There he kept his cat Hodge, who put up his back and purred much like other cats, and whom he was anxious should not be shot. There, on the ground floor, lived his pensioner, blind Mrs. Williams, who used to tell if the teacups were full enough by sounding them with her snuffy, shrivelled fingers. . . . There was the little garden that the great author of Rasselas loved to watch and nurture; and here were two floors piled with his books, and only a way in one place for his study, where he could fret, and think, and brood, and storm as he liked."—"All the Year Round," 1859.

DR. JOHNSON IN 1783.

From an Engraving by Davenport, after the painting by John Opie.

This portrait, according to Sir John Hawkins, was never finished. A fine mezzotint from it, by Townley, is in the Common Room of University College. "I sat to Opey (*sic*) as long as he desired, and I think the head is finished, but it (is) not much admired. The rest he is to add when he comes again to town."—Letter from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Taylor, Sept. 3rd, 1783.

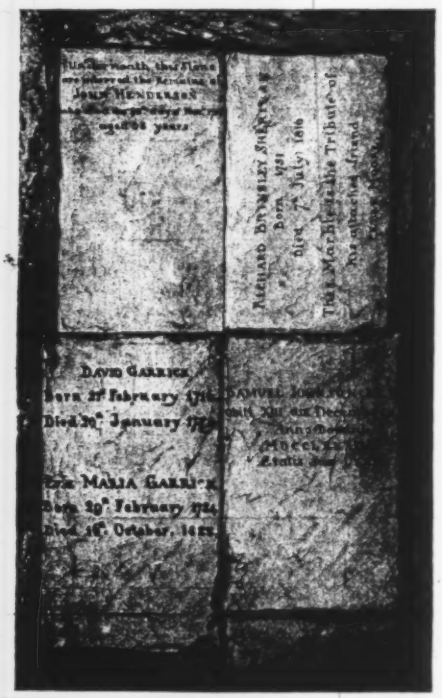
THE MONUMENT TO DR. JOHNSON AT UTTOXETER,
Erected in 1878 in commemoration of his penance there.

"Once, indeed," said Johnson in 1784, with reference to his having been on the whole a dutiful son, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter Market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago, I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

Novel Notes.

BONDMAN FREE. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

To understand the scope and worth of this unusual novel its primary situation must be known. John Bellenger, head cashier in a bank for twelve years and happily married for two, learns, what he has lately suspected with anguish, that his wife is dying. The only hope of saving her or easing her last weeks is to winter in a warmer climate. The man in his desperation implores his master to advance a half-year's salary; the close-fisted banker refuses "on principle." With deliberation John Bellenger then abstracts the money from funds under his charge, leaving his I. O. U. and a letter of explanation; and, that he may not be torn from his wife in her extremity, he also takes valuable securities, which he declares he will hold and return safely if left unmolested, but will have destroyed at once if interfered with; he also gives his word to return in six months and take his punishment. By the date named the agony is lived out, and John surrenders himself to justice; he is sentenced to a year's imprisonment. This is the situation; then follows the man's tribulation; and if there is one theme that Mr. Oxenham can handle better than another with the grip of life, it is tribulation. Suffering, new chances, suffering again—the reader warms under Bellenger's hard-won successes, and chafes when he is forced to move on and on, seeking peace and daily bread. There is no over-insistence, no violence against probability, but a strong and simple tale in which one is impressed with the fact that it is those who know most of man and man's motives and struggles who are most merciful. This fact becomes here almost allegorical: they are the vilest criminals who betray Bellenger, the lowest workmen who turn him out, the most pharisaical minister and chapel-goers who freeze with icy recognition the man who, bruised under bereavement and shame, needs a warm, encouraging word; but it is the great judge, the man who sentenced Bellenger, the man who knows all, who rescues the fellow-man almost done past endurance. There is much more than this in the book; but the main thing in it all is the growth and achievement of a true man, and his journey through suffering to joy.



DR. JOHNSON'S TOMBSTONE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On Monday, Dec. 20th, 1784, the remains of Dr. Johnson were deposited in Westminster Abbey, and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-stone with the inscription:

"SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Obiit xiii. *die Decembris*
Anno Domini
M.DCC.LXXXIV.
Ætatis suae lxxv."

THE MONUMENT TO DR. JOHNSON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
From a Statue by J. Bacon.

"Dr. Johnson's Monument, consisting of a Colossal Figure leaning against a column (but not very strongly resembling him), has since the death of our authour been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, having been first opened to publick view, Feb. 23rd, 1796. The epitaph was written by the Rev. Dr. Parr."—Malone.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE. By Katharine S. Macquoid. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

In this book Mrs. Macquoid has re-entered the domain of French history, which offers so tempting a field, in character and incident, to the historical novelist. In selecting for treatment the fifteen years which precede and follow the death of Henry IV., she moves in the shadow of Dumas and, among the moderns, of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, "that master of historical romance," to whom the book is dedicated. The authoress has studied her period thoroughly, and the book, by reason of its grasp of historical detail, and the faithful por-

trayal of the principal figures who move upon its stage, makes for itself a place of its own. But over and above its interest as a narrative, she has dealt in an original manner with the great figure of the period, that of Richelieu, inasmuch as she has attempted the evolution of his character from early youth up to the time when his shadow is beginning to loom large over Europe. This study is the frame of the book. All else is flesh, but living flesh, palpitating with the life of the time. Her portrait of the delicate, fiery and ambitious youth working his way towards his desire for power is an admirable one, and in its working out she has kept herself strictly within the bounds of historical truth. At the same time, historical truth is not altogether an unalloyed virtue in imaginative writing, and one feels at times that the story could have been made warmer in its appeal to the direct human interest by a little sacrifice in this respect. She paints the period upon a large canvas crowded with historical figures, and at times she attains to quite a brilliance of colouring, as in her description of the French Court and the powers which rule it. Notably has she succeeded, after Richelieu, in delineating the headstrong Queen Regent, Marie de Medici, under the subtle influence of the Italian adventurers, Concini and his wife. It is one of the most conscientious and interesting pieces of work in latter-day fiction.

THE HEBREW. By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a book written chiefly from the point of view of the social reformer. Not that Mr. Steuart points out a remedy as he emphasises the necessity for one. In an impressive series of pictures—impressive in their very truth—he has succeeded in photographing the conditions of life at the bottom of the social sea, which is as yet comparatively unknown. This has been done before, by Mr. Morrison and others, but they have descended merely for artistic purposes, to seek a new ground for literary portrayal, and not from a scientific motive. Though slightly handicapped by this reason from the point of view of art, the book is one of genuine human interest. It might be called a flesh and blood treatise on the subject, and its characters are relatively epitomes of its most characteristic and influential features. We have had it all before, but never so illuminating. One follows through the darkness as by the light of a torch and feels oneself a second Dante. What he sees there, in the main, is a struggle, an appallingly unequal struggle between the factors for good and evil over the as yet unresisting victims bound by law. The one is represented by Emmet, the Anglican clergyman, who constitutes the weak and almost unsupported forces of religion, and the other by the Hebrew, Herstein, the slum householder, who grinds his tenants. Herstein moves in high places as well as low, and the book deals largely with the manner in which he works. Among other strongly drawn characters of the book we have Pickens, the burglar; Miry, the typical young woman of the slums; and Meckles, Herstein's agent. The book is one to be read, both by reason of its genuine human interest and inasmuch as it concerns itself with conditions which cannot be too widely known, dealing as they do with the state of affairs which lies at the foundation of our national life.

THE PINCH OF PROSPERITY. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (John Murray.)

In his latest book Mr. Vachell deals incidentally with the same subject as Mr. Steuart, but with an entirely different outlook and purpose. He treats it more from an ethical than social point of view. He bends together the bottom and the top of the social scale, and finds that they are alike in their deteriorating influence upon the moral life. The evil of prosperity, he contends, is as great as that of poverty, perhaps greater, inasmuch as it possesses the power to spread itself indefinitely. "To-day, the English-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic have achieved a prosperity so stupendous that imagination reels at it. Who will attempt to compute the moral effect upon the national character?" It would seem, then, that in calling upon the wealthy to help in raising the standard of life among the poor, it is a case of the blind being called upon to lead the blind. There is a certain measure of truth in the contention. But any problem which the book contains is entirely subordinate to the story. We ought rather to say stories, for the book contains two, which, apart from the ethical purpose, are altogether irrelevant to each other. This is irritating, as the reader's interest is forced to diverge at every alternate chapter. The first concerns itself with Arthur Wynquest, a famous author, who from selling matches on Waterloo Bridge, has risen into renown through a book on the social question. In prosperity, however, he forgets his nobler ideals, his moral conscience tarnishes, and he marries an heiress and goes into Parliament. In the other we have the story of Pretty Parslow, who, from a dumb worship of Wynquest, rises to higher things. Along these two rather ravelled threads the story moves, and notwithstanding its faults of construction, it is one of considerable interest. The character of the book is Pretty Parslow, and in the portrait he presents of this very human woman the author has achieved great success, rather marred as it is by its confused background.

IN THE GUARDIANSHIP OF GOD. By Flora Annie Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Comparisons between Mrs. Steel and Mr. Kipling seem to be as inevitable as are those drawn between Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett; they are, also, as inconclusive and as unilluminating. Obviously, if any two authors dwell in and study the same city or country they must needs see the same things and arrive often at the same conclusions, and when they come to write of what they know, they must needs write of the same places and persons, but there is no reason why they should not write about them with essential differences, and the one be every whit as original as the other. The incisive, direct methods of Mr. Kipling are admirable; the restrained, more elusively suggestive methods of Mrs. Steel are not less so, and her latest volume includes several stories that are equal in observation and insight and sympathetic imagination to the best she has given us. Such a grim story as "In the Guardianship of God," for example, and one so quaintly and pathetically idyllic as "The Doll Maker," or "Surâhbi," are worlds apart, superficially, yet the one is as real and as near to humanity as the other, and each is written with the naturalness and easy mastery that characterises all the stories in the book.

THE MAN OF LETTERS. By Sir George Douglas. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

As a rule, novelists writing in the first person make the narrator perform feats of incredible brilliance. Possibly human nature makes it difficult to admit that even an imaginary "I" could be foolish or undignified. Certainly it is rare to find a book written in the first person in which the narrator is neither heroic nor successful in love; it is doubly rare to find such a novel succeed. Yet Sir George Douglas has made a young man who is not brilliant or dignified, who is in fact stiff and devoid of humour, describe himself in such a way that he holds the reader's attention right through the book. His method is so quiet and restrained that there is some danger of the skill and finish of the picture being overlooked. "A Man of Letters" is a delicate and sympathetic study of a self-conscious and abnormally serious young man, living in a remote village, which we may guess to be in the Highlands of Scotland. The minor characters are well drawn, and the book is a return to the methods of Jane Austen, in pleasing contrast to the sensationalism of to-day.

THE ROMAN ROAD. By Zack. 6s. (Constable and Co.)

The three stories which make up the book suffer from the same mistake, that of a want of clarity. "The Roman Road" is distinctly the clearest of them, but even in that vagueness descends like a thick fog towards the end, and why the hero and heroine should finally run, "hand in hand, helpless as children," down the Roman Road, is a fact quite beyond the reach of any available explanation. The tale called "The Thoughty Ones" is, however, perhaps the most incomprehensible of them all. It is a story about children, and here and there is illuminated by delightful touches of a convincing naturalness. But these are brief, and from beginning to end the reader has not the least idea what the author is driving at, what the whole thing is about, what the children have really done, or what is intended by the ending, when—"hoisting sail the Thoughty Ones sailed away, out beyond the other ships, just the Thoughty Ones, the boat, and the feeling, and not a soul beside." Did they ever come back, or were they drowned; and was the unfortunate little sister, whose black velvet frock they had torn up for flag, left to tell this sequel to their previous mysterious adventures? Or were these children capable mariners, to

whom the manipulation of a sailing boat on the open sea was a simple business, and did they after a pleasant jaunt come home to an ample tea? The answer can, at the best, only be guesswork. Both in "The Thoughty Ones" and "The Balance" the central idea is too obscure to be easily comprehensible.

THE WIND IN THE ROSE BUSH. By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (Murray.)

Miss Wilkins' name is associated with New England stories, told in that quiet and reposeful way which is peculiarly her own, about people whose lives would seem dull and uneventful enough but for the narrator's skill. But here is a new Miss Wilkins. The scene is the same and most of the characters are the same, but the spirit is essentially different. In a word, to quote the sub-title, these are "stories of the supernatural." They are told with the same finish, but the quiet humour is replaced by grim and ghastly seriousness. It is a singular thing that humorous writers seem to have a fancy for ghastliness and "thrills." The effect of these grim stories is heightened by Miss Wilkins' restrained and subdued method. The absence of any touch of melodrama and the matter-of-fact tone seems to make the supernatural element more convincing. Certainly these are not stories to be enjoyed too late at night. We have read nothing more striking of its kind than the first (and title) story.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. By Samuel Butler. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Nobody who is acquainted with Mr. Samuel Butler's former works would look to him for a novel written on popular lines, and "The Way of all Flesh" is as little like the conventional novel of the moment as it was possible to make it. It has no intricate plot, almost no plot at all, for that would have savoured too much of artifice, and Mr. Butler had set himself to reveal in these pages the life history of four generations of the Pontifex family, and did it with a fearless realism and a keen irony and simplicity of style that for purposes of comparison send one back to Fielding and Swift. For its chief interest the book relies, and safely relies, on its characters, who are drawn with remarkable skill and with a profound knowledge of humanity. A few pages suffice for a vivid and complete presentment of old Mr. Pontifex, who is seventy odd at the beginning of the nineteenth century: a quaint, rugged village carpenter, something of a painter and musician, with a gift for organ-building. Drawn in more detail is his son George, who goes early to London into the business of an uncle, and is by-and-bye partner in an important publishing firm. The unfolding of his personality is a fine piece of work; even more so are the subtle developments of George's second son Cuthbert, and, later, of Cuthbert's son Ernest. The women of the book are rendered with equal truth; they are neither idealised nor distorted, but presented simply, unflinchingly, in the colour of actual life and with all the frailties of humanity. It is a novel that has indubitable elements of greatness; it is full of a shrewd, somewhat cynical philosophy and mellow worldly wisdom, and grows upon the reader with an increasing interest because of its strong but unexaggerated human appeal.

The Bookman's Table.

NORWEGIAN BY-WAYS. By Charles W. Wood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Charles W. Wood's books upon his many journeys are always entertaining reading. They are not intended as guide-books, or to simplify travelling for others. They map out no routes, but in a purely "chatty" and digressive fashion tell Mr. Wood's own impressions and experiences abroad. To be swept out of any normal environment, even in the reminiscent pages of another person, has considerable attractions. It becomes a basis for stimulating personal arrangements. The mind is stocked by it with future expeditions, and the potentialities of existence increase with every page. In "Norwegian By-Ways," however, Mr. Wood stirs no overwhelming restlessness. The magic touch which springs the unknown like an injection into one's blood is absent. We follow Mr. Wood from place to place, and especially from inn to inn, and we read alternately of excellent fare, or of an undesirable dearth in supplies. We are mildly occupied by multitudinous conversations with various hotel proprietors of both sexes: especially among Norwegian women there appear to be a majority of extremely skilful conversationists. But Norway itself remains a vaporous vista to the end. The engrossment of getting decent accommodation, and of enjoying passing polite and cordial intercourse with other tourists, leaves Norway no opportunity for asserting itself. As a delicate persuasion to explore Norwegian by-ways, it is doubtful whether Mr. Wood's volume will achieve many converts. The predominant sensation is too clearly the very great unreliability of the commissariat department in that country. That compensations might very easily render this an insignificant matter, we quite realise. But in the book in question, at any rate, it takes a place that would make any cautious traveller pause.

LIFE OF SIR GEORGE GROVE. By C. L. Graves. 12s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Few men probably have crowded into a long lifetime more work and more varied interests than Sir George Grove, secretary to the Crystal Palace, principal contributor to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, originator of the Palestine Exploration Fund, editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, first director of the Royal College of Music, editor of the Dictionary of Music, and inventor of the analytical programme of modern concerts—these are a few of the many parts played by this wonderfully versatile man. No man perhaps had a wider personal acquaintance with musicians of his time; certainly no man knew more of the lives of the great musicians of the past. His analytical programme promises to be the mainstay of modern humorous literature. A man of catholic tastes and ceaseless energy, Grove went everywhere, knew everybody, and, one might almost say, did everything. A charming companion, by the testimony of all his many friends, he was singularly happy in his friendships. He was a great traveller and a patient observer, and the impetus he gave to the exploration of Palestine has left its mark on all Biblical study since. Mr. Graves makes an admirable biographer, leaving Sir George Grove's letters to tell the main story of his life and multifarious pursuits, and adding just the necessary explanation or connecting note. His familiarity and sympathy with his subject is only equalled by his readiness to efface himself to describe his friend. This is above all a biography which no music lover can afford to miss.

LAUDER AND LAUDERDALE. By A. Thomson, F.S.A.Scot. 12s. 6d. (Craighead Brothers, Galashiels.)

This is one of the best parish histories we have come across. Every chapter—of which there are no fewer than thirty-five—is literally packed with information, and not always of local interest only. Lauder and Lauderdale are names of frequent mention in Scottish story, and the writer of this volume has recorded practically all that is known or that can be said on the subject. He has proved himself to be an indefatigable and admirable student of his native dale, and should earn the gratitude of very many for this truly excellent record of it. The work is well printed and the illustrations exceptionally clear. One of the finest is that of James Guthrie, the first martyr-minister of the Covenant, who was minister of Lauder in 1638. John, Duke of Lauderdale, has, on the contrary, a face singularly cruel and repulsive.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Vol. IV. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

As each new volume of the Jewish Encyclopædia appears, the impression of the magnitude and importance of the work grows. In the present volume there are more than a thousand contributions from nearly two hundred scholars. Though in physical weight very ponderous, it cannot be called heavy reading. The articles are of endless variety, and are lightly written. Probably the reader will at once be attracted by the extremely full and fair treatment of the Affaire Dreyfus, but there are many other articles of great interest and permanent value. We need only mention those on Conversion to Christianity, Circumcision (a series of articles), Creation, Cremation, Crucifixion, Chess, Death, Divorce. As in the previous volumes, the biographical and historical articles are well to the front, and those on Crémieux, Disraeli, and Constantinople present in a pleasant

form much interesting information. Curious facts, probably known to specialists, but which will be novel to the lay mind, are furnished in connection with Deaf-mutism, Confession of Sins, Capital Punishment, and other topics. No article in the volume is more pleasing or better written than that upon Darmesteter by his widow, Mary Robinson. As in the previous volumes so in this, great attention has been paid to the illustrations. It is much to be desired that the enterprise of the publishers and the diligence of the editors and contributors may find abundant response in the public.

RITSCHLIANISM: EXPOSITORY AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. By James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor in Glasgow U.F. College. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. Orr has, in our opinion, been well advised in recapturing and issuing in a permanent form the papers on Ritschlianism which at various times he has contributed to magazines. Dr. Orr is a writer to whose solid thinking and abundant knowledge theology owes a very considerable debt, and for some years past he has been recognised as one of the most formidable critics of the great modern movement which took its rise and its bent from the teaching of Ritschl. He writes with force, but without virulence, and appreciates the genius and influence of the great German theologian while he exposes the weaknesses of his system. Acknowledging that he himself has derived no little benefit and stimulus from it, he professes that he has never yet been able "to join in the extravagant laudation in which some indulge regarding Ritschlianism as a system, nor to alter the conviction he early formed that, as a theology proposing to displace that of the ordinary creed, its basis is radically unsound." Dr. Orr's exposition of this influential system is lucid and fair, and if his criticisms are in one or two instances questionable, in general they commend themselves to the judgment of the reader. As an introduction to the study of Ritschl and his school the volume is to be strongly recommended. Besides the papers bearing directly on Ritschl, Dr. Orr prints valuable criticisms of Harnack, McGiffert, and Sabatier.

SOCIAL GERMANY IN LUTHER'S TIME. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

This is a translation of the autobiography of Bartholomew Sastrow, a Pomeranian notary who flourished at the time when the chief events of the Reformation were taking place. As a picture of bourgeois life in Germany at this date the record is an interesting one, but it is difficult to feel any affection for Bartholomew himself. He seems to have been a rough-tongued and matter-of-fact attorney, whose chief merits were business capacity and an unflinching devotion to the Lutheran faith. His creed appears to have been a curious mixture of Christianity and devil-worship; at all events, his belief in the existence of evil spirits is continually to the fore in these pages. The age in which he lived was coarse and barbarous, and cruelty and sensuality were the order of the day. This, no doubt, explains why it is that we meet so frequently with the seamy side of life in the course of his experiences. This autobiography is nevertheless an historical document of unique interest, and its appearance in an English garb is to be welcomed.

INDIAN MUTINY, 1857. N.W.P. Intelligence Records. 36s. (T. and T. Clark.)

These two volumes contain a number of documents relating to the Indian Mutiny, preserved by Sir William Muir, who was at that time in charge of the Intelligence Department of the North-West Provinces. The contents fall, roughly speaking, into two groups, namely, public and private correspondence, and various memoranda, including the depositions of spies. Some of the letters are full of pathos, and give a vivid picture of the fiery ordeal to which the European inhabitants of India were subjected during the Mutiny.

THE POET'S CHARTER. By F. B. Money-Coutts. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"The Poet's Charter" is the name Mr. Money-Coutts confers upon the Book of Job, and in this present volume he supplements the memorable poem he has already written round the tragic figure of the man of Uz by a close study and analysis of the marvellous Biblical record, and an exposition of its spiritual significance. The object of the book being "to show that, in fact, the Poet, not the Priest—Art, not the Church—is the divinely-appointed seeker" after the knowledge of God, Mr. Money-Coutts passes to a larger consideration of the Poet in that divine capacity, and to an enquiry into the causes of the failure of modern poetry. The subject is handled throughout most ably and with profound sincerity, and the result is a little volume of the highest interest and value.

SONGS OF DREAMS. By Ethel Clifford. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

It is amusing and, in a way, instructive to read the general lamentation about the innumerable books of new poetry continually pouring from the press. You find, if you trouble to sift them, that we are not offered more than one or two volumes of poetry yearly. Here, at all events, is one for this year. Miss Clifford's lyrics have charm and spontaneity; they are by turns thoughtful and daintily fanciful, or charged with deeper qualities of feeling and imagination; and almost everywhere her verse has the true lyrical quality of inherent music. It is not enough to say that the book is full of promise; it is in itself a considerable achievement, and to all who have any love of poetry we warmly and confidently commend it.

RAMBLES IN WOMANLAND. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

By the death of the author of this book the world has lost one of the most genial, yet keenest probers into that complex organism, the feminine heart. Few competed with him in his understanding of it, and it was perhaps his greatest compliment that this was acknowledged by his subjects themselves. Once again, in this book, he engages his subject in a series of chatty chapters with a never-failing fire of banter and happy satire. It is interesting from beginning to end, full of witty and brilliant epigrams of the kind with which his readers are already familiar. He touches the little foibles of woman with a light hand, but beneath all the garrulity and humour of this laughing philosopher there lies a great deal of wisdom. But the book, on the face of it, was meant to amuse, and it will not fail to do so.

Notes on New Novels.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

Among the American publications of Messrs. Macmillan we notice **The People of the Whirlpool** (6s.), by an author whose last book, "The Garden of a Commutor's Wife," is still pleasant in the memory. Six years have passed since the "commutor's wife" told of her home and circle in a style akin to that of "Elizabeth" of the German Garden, but with more humanity and less acidity. Now, to the commutor, wife, and garden are added twin boys, of whom their grandfather remarked to condoling neighbours, "I have observed that the first editions of very important books are frequently in two volumes." The book is full of bright charm and sound sense.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

From Messrs. Isbister comes a volume on somewhat new lines. In **Clerical Love Stories** (3s. 6d.), Mr. Alfred B. Cooper blends ten tales of love and honour, failure and victory, with the several teachings of the Decalogue. The standard presented is high, but the spirit of the telling is never narrow, nor does the author underestimate the power of temptation. These stories will help and appeal to hundreds of readers, who need and recognise such helpful lessons on homely yet deeply significant subjects offered in the form of wholesome fiction.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. send us a volume as diversely entertaining as anything we have seen for some time. This is **Virginia of the Rhodesians.** In Cynthia Stockley (6s.), a clever and frankly flippant chronicle of flirtations in Rhodesia. The style is light, the touch vivacious, the effect distinctly "modern."

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

From Mr. Eveleigh Nash comes the second book by Miss Alice Brown, who in "King's End" more than a year ago, gave us a piece of distinguished writing. In **The Mannerings** (6s.), the reader feels that the main point in the writer's mind is the need of courage. The slackness, the sinking into ineffectuality of good men and women, and negatively bad men and women, is pressed home. The story is a refreshingly careful achievement in an age too apt to be lenient with slop-work.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS.

Of the several works of fiction deserving notice, which have come to us from Mr. Grant Richards, two stand out by reason of their actual strength, their future promise, and their excess of what we now glibly term "realism." The two are **Juicy Joe**, by James Blyth (6s.), and an anonymous study of two phases of life, named **The Winepress of Sachem** (2s. 6d. net). In "Juicy Joe" Mr. Blyth hits hard at what might be called the unspeakable manners and habits of the people of the Norfolk marshlands. The ideal nature claimed for the heroine of this so-called "romance" is

unconvincing in the face of her actual doings; but the picture of marshland life, and the brutality, instincts and emotions of the people, is one of relentless force; and the tragedy of the later chapters is impressive in an unusual degree.

"The Winepress of Sachem," despite its jerky attempts at a strong simplicity of style, is a striking book. It holds practically no love interest. It is a study of the horrible success of a drunken, depraved publican, and the gradual sinking and failure of a literary man. It is bitterly pathetic, ironically outspoken, terse and original.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS.

Messrs. Harpers, who are among those publishers doing most to introduce the best of American fiction to English readers, send us an uncommon novel, **The House on the Hudson,** by Frances Powell (6s.). This style of book is one which is managed better by American writers than by our own. It is sensational, without being merely sensational. The heroine, of good lineage, born in Athens, and touched with a touch of paganism, is left orphaned to face the world for herself. As housekeeper and companion to a curious old lady she is drawn gradually into a mesh of horrors, in which stolen emeralds, a wonderful engraved ring, and an unsuspected strain of black blood, work strange results. The story is refined as well as exciting, and the lovers in it are very different from the invertebrates usually found in sensational literature.

His Daughter First, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy (6s.), is another book from the same firm, in which we have a pleasing example of a bright, easily-moving story, with thought in it. A comparatively young widow is held back from accepting the love of a comparatively young widower, on account of the petted daughter of the man. The widower is a fond father, the widow is a large-hearted woman, the girl is crude, but not bad-natured; the theme is varied by a coil of Wall Street difficulties, and is carried on with successful vivacity to a satisfactory last chapter.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Mr. John Long is the publisher of Miss Sarah Tytler's new book, **The Machinations of Janet** (6s.), in which the authoress treats us to a thoroughly common-sensible heroine, with a tendency to go into other persons' houses and put them straight, cooking the food, and making the owners comfortable generally. Though neither money nor love entered into Janet's calculations, a large sum and a large young squire enter into the story, which is wholesome, lively, and not free from a few smart slaps at silly modern ways and beliefs.

Mr. John Long publishes also **Up-to-To-Morrow** (3s. 6d.), a mildly humorous book, by W. Carter Platts. This chronicle is concerned with the experiments of the "progressive scientist," Mr. Silas K. Chumson, a hero who has had wealth bequeathed to him, and has done "his own inventing from start to finish." Mr. Chumson was born ahead of his time, the world was not ready for him, nor was anyone who was in it. Mr. Carter Platts can do this careless-laughter-in-chapters excellently.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

Messrs. Greening are the publishers of Mr. Edgar Saltus' novel, **Mr. Incoul's Misadventure** (3s. 6d.), in England. This book arrests by its cold, slow relentlessness. Mr. Incoul is as unlike the stereotyped villain as a man can well be. He is a wealthy widower, and he marries a beautiful girl who is almost honest with him, but not quite. Mr. Incoul notices, suspects, watches like a lynx, then deliberately lays his plans. The end is death. The chilly power of the book is more thrilling than any frank sensationalism could be.

In **The Day of Prosperity,** by Paul Devinne (6s., Greening), we have a book which Sir Thomas More would have meditated over. It contains a generous glimpse into America in the year 2,000, a period when there is no money, because there is no use for it, (Columbia!!), when photo-telegraphs tell your friends in another city just what you are looking like; and the heroine's eye-lashes are purple. It is a light-hearted way of being serious over social problems, and Mr. Devinne is enthusiastic.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

Imagination has been allowed to overbalance judgment somewhat in the new volume of the Pseudonym Library, which Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us. **A Ne'er-do-Well,** by Valentine Caryl (1s. and 2s.), slips away at times from excellence and becomes theatrical. Notwithstanding this, the story of the son of the deaf and dumb peasant girl, reared in the woods in silence, with no knowledge of human voice, but with a storm of music in his nature, is clever and original; and the emergence of the wild creature into the midst of fellow creatures, hearing words and half learning motives, is a dramatic opportunity and a situation which a commonplace mind would not have imagined.

MESSRS. ANTHONY TREHERNE AND CO.

In **The Three Glass Eyes,** by William Le Queux (6s.), we have sensationalism plus sensationalism, and a searchlight thrown on the private life of Ventris Blake, the noted American financier in London, the millionaire who, in his time, "has made several British industries tremble." We feel no shame in doing what several British industries have done. We protest that Mr. Le Queux is almost the equal of Ventris Blake, and "The Three Glass Eyes" convince us how deadly are the trifles of the great. This new edition to mysteries will, we predict, hurry from edition to edition.

MR. HENRY J. DRANE.

The novel **Doctor John,** by Marianne Portsmouth, which comes to us from Mr. Drane, contains some promising work. The authoress has drawn with some skill a shiftless, idle husband of gentle birth, content to accept scorn and lay down all pretensions to manliness, if he may loaf while his wife works. We shall look for Miss Portsmouth's next novel.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

Miss Arabella Kenealy never bores her readers, and in **His Eligible Grace the Duke,** and Other Stories (6s.) we have liveliness and humour, allied with sympathy. The Duke's cheerful machinations—by which he in his "delutherin'" manner makes true friends of his proposed bride and her scheming mother—entertaining as they are, are equalled by at least nineteen out of the twenty bright stories which follow. Every character is realisable, and moods and temperaments are utilised with easy skill.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

Lovers of desperate situations and thrills know by this time that they can reckon on getting the thing they like from Mr. Burford Delannoy. In **M. R. C. S.** (3s. 6d.), just issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., the author of the popular "Margate Murder Mystery" takes a medical man for his criminal "hero," and makes the most of the additional chances such a profession opens to villainy. He also takes a policeman who feels pride in his work and deduces after the manner of the famous Sherlock; and these two men, well supported in their turn by lesser rogues and honest men, are worked into a narrative which will doubtless have a wide popularity this holiday season.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall send us a capital story of the Navy: **The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck,** by Major W. P. Drury (3s. 6d.). The author knows well the life he depicts, and the scenes which take place in it. As a good, stirring tale of life at sea, and as a picture of the service, the book should prove welcome and valuable.

New Series, Editions, and Reprints.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have lately issued the first two volumes of a Library of Standard Biographies which has never, we think, been equalled at the price. In cloth (1s. net), and leather (2s. net), handy and well bound, we have here Bourrienne's great ten-volume work, **Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte,** condensed into a volume of about five hundred and forty pages; to which have been added much military detail lacking in the original history. The second volume of the "Library" is Southey's **Life of Wesley,** appropriately issued on the great evangeliser's birthday. This is carefully edited and abridged, and contains a reproduction of Romney's portrait. Judging by these volumes, it will be a "Library" of genuine worth and world-wide success.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are publishing a new series of works of fiction, called **Pocket Novels** (2s. net). Last month the new venture was started with a clever, happy story of Harvard University life, "Philosophy 4," by Mr. Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian." Now follows a ghost story, "Man Overboard," by Mr. Marion Crawford, which for sheer gruesomeness and strength, leaves far behind every ghost story we have read for years. There is no melodrama in it, but as a story with a ghostly atmosphere, an impression of actuality, and the right kind of thrill, it ranks high.

The New Books of the Month.

MAY 15TH TO JUNE 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible, The English. The Tudor Translations. Vols. II., III. £4 10s. the set, six vols. ..... (David Nutt)

BROOKS, RT. REV. PHILLIPS, D.D.—The Life with God: An Address to Business Men. 1s. net ... (H. R. Allenson)

Critical Questions. Sermons by Various Preachers. 5s. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

Divine Artist, The. Sermons of Consolation. By Various Writers. 3s. 6d. net ..... (James Robinson, Manchester)

JACKSON, F. J. FOAKES, B.D.—Christian Difficulties in the Second and Twentieth Centuries. Hulsean Lectures, 1902-3. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Heffer, Cambridge)

KELLY, WILLIAM.—God's Inspiration of the Scriptures. 5s. (T. Weston)

This is a volume which impresses by reason of its unquestioning belief. "Legitimate criticism," its author writes, "is the servant of faith in seeking to eliminate errors of transcription [in the Bible]; but it receives without question every word that was originally written." Granting that the state of mind brought to this book does not nullify the teaching, the chapters should prove of great help; for the teaching is careful and detailed, and presented with a sincere patience and desire to convince.

MACDONALD, GREVILLE, M.D.—The Religious Sense in its Scientific Aspect. 3s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

MACLEOD, THE VERY REV. DONALD, D.D.—The Doctrine and Validity of the Ministry and Sacraments of the National Church of Scotland. Baird Lecture for 1903. 6s. net. (Blackwood)

NASH, CLARA R.—Bible Talks with the Little Ones. (Sunday School Union)

ORR, JAMES, M.A., D.D.—Ritschlianism. Expository and Critical Essays. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

PATERSON, W. P., D.D.—The Apostles' Teaching. Part I. The Pauline Theology. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

SPURGEON, C. H.—Faith: What it is, and What it Leads to. 6d. and 1s. ..... (Passmore and Alabaster)

WEYMOUTH, RICHARD FRANCIS, M.A., D.Lit.—The New Testament in Modern Speech. Edited and Partly Revised by Ernest Hampden-Cook, M.A. 2s. 6d. net (James Clarke)

This undertaking, which in less cultured hands might have given an impression of irreverence, has come from the late Dr. Weymouth and his able editor as a valuable and elucidating piece of work. The language is simple and dignified, and the notes are examples of what such aids should be; they are clear, informing, and suggestive. For Sunday-school and Bible-class teaching this version should be in general use, not by any means to take the place of the Authorised Version, but to familiarise those who learn with the fundamental truths in the more simple words.

WILSON, REV. ALEXANDER.—The Prophets and Prophecy. 1s. net ..... (Blackwood)

This is a study of the prophetical books of the Old Testament with a view to helping the young to a better understanding and realisation of them and the promise contained in them. Points which must necessarily be obscure to a young mind coming straight to the Bible, are here made clear, and the little book should be a useful factor in the furtherance of religious education.

WILSON, THE VEN. JAMES M., D.D.—Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

Archdeacon Wilson, addressing his words chiefly to young University laymen who are intending ordination, dwells on the true meaning, scope, and influence of pastoral theology. The essentials are the things he insists upon, which include a wide, true humanity, a nature keeping close to God and close to man. In these lectures—these clear, kindly, sympathetic utterances—much help will be found by young aspirants to the ministry; and in the second appendix the bearing of science upon theology, the unsettling, the temporary, the permanent effects of science upon belief, are wisely faced and sanely spoken of.

NEW EDITIONS.

Esdras, The First and Second Books of. Edited by Archibald Duff, D.D., LL.D. 1s. net .....(Dent)
FISHER, JOHN, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.—A Spiritual Consolation. Edited by D. O'Connor. 1s. (Art and Book Co.)
JONES, NEWTON.—The Captain on the Bridge. Pictorial Gospel Addresses. 1s. 6d. net. ..... (Sunday School Union)
MORE, SIR THOMAS.—The Four Last Things. Edited by D. O'Connor. 1s. ..... (Art and Book Co.)
MORISON, COTTER.—The Service of Man. 6d. Watts and Co.
STRONG, THOMAS B., D.D.—A Manual of Theology. Revised and Enlarged. 7s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
WELSH, REV. R. E., M.A.—In Relief of Doubt. 3s. net. (H. R. Allenson)

FICTION.

"Adelphe." The Christian Problem and its Solution. Five Stories. 1s. 6d. net. ..... (A. H. Stockwell)
Author of "Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man."—Sir Anthony and the Ewe Lamb. 3s. 6d. ..... (Harpers)
Author of "The Garden of a Commutor's Wife."—The People of the Whirlpool. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
BENSON, B. K.—Old Squire. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
BIRD, T. BURY PALLISER.—Mysie, and Other Stories. 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)
BLINDERS, BELINDA.—Sandford of Merton: A Story of Oxford Life. Edited by Desmond F. T. Coke. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall)
BLYTH, JAMES.—Juicy Joe. 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
BROWN, ALICE.—The Mannerings. 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
BUTLER, SAMUEL.—The Way of All Flesh. 6s. (Grant Richards)
CARYL, VALENTINE.—A Ne'er-do-Well.—1s. 6d. and 2s. (Fisher Unwin)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—From Crown to Cross, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
CHURCHILL, WINSTON.—Mr. Keegan's Elopement. Pocket Novels Series. 2s. net ..... (Macmillan)
COOPER, ALFRED B.—Clerical Love Stories, 3s. 6d.... (Isbister)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Man Overboard! 2s. net (Macmillan)
DAVIS, ARTHUR H. ("Steele Rudd").—On Our Selection. Illustrated ..... (Bulletin Newspaper Co., Sydney)
DE CRESPIGNY, MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION.—The Mischief of a Glove. 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
DELANNOY, BURFORD.—M. R. C. S., 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
DEVINNE, PAUL.—In the Day of Prosperity, 6s. ... (Greening)
DRURY, MAJOR W. P.—The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chapman and Hall)
ENGSTROM, H. S.—Mrs. Pemberton's Cross, 6s.... (Digby, Long)
FORWOOD, GWENDOLEN.—Filida and Corydon, and Other Stories ..... (Keliher and Co., Westminster)

Here is a book which those of the nursery who are fortunate enough to get it, will hail with delight as a between-season surprise. Those who are grown-up should remember, and note the title and publisher—for Christmas. Miss Forwood has written and illustrated this story-book for children, and both tales and illustrations are fresh, vivid, and glowingly imaginative. "Pippa the Sweetmaker" is a charming tale, and many a small person will long to find that field where the polpols grow, which if boiled in the saucepan with lollipops, prevent anyone's being ill, however many he or she may eat. Those who do not care to wait for Christmas will find this a magical book to take away on a holiday if they are taking nursery folk as well.

GIBBS, GEORGE.—The Love of Monsieur, 6s. ..... (Harpers)
GUBBINS, NATHANIEL.—All the Winners, 3s. 6d....(John Long)
GUNTER, ARCHIBALD C.—The Spy Company, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
HARBAND, BEATRICE M.—Daughters of Darkness in Sunny India, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fleming H. Revell Co.)
HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE.—His Daughter First, 6s. (Harpers)
HILL, CAIRNIE.—Jim and Jeanie, 1s. 6d. net ... (A. H. Stockwell)
HOWARD, KEBLE.—Love and a Cottage. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
HOWELLS, W. D.—Questionable Shapes. Illustrated. 6s. (Harpers)
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE.—The King of Folly Island, and Other People, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)
Journal of Arthur Stirling, The. 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
KENEALY, ARABELLA.—His Eligible Grace the Duke, and Other Stories, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Way Back, 6s. ..... (Constable)
KNOTCUTTER, A., P.G.M.U.—A Way of His Own, 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)
LAMONT, ARCHIBALD.—The Heights of Hell, 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Three Glass Eyes, 6s....(Treherne)
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